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SEPTEMBER 20, 1966

HO IS BEHIND THE RIOTS? – SEE P. 934

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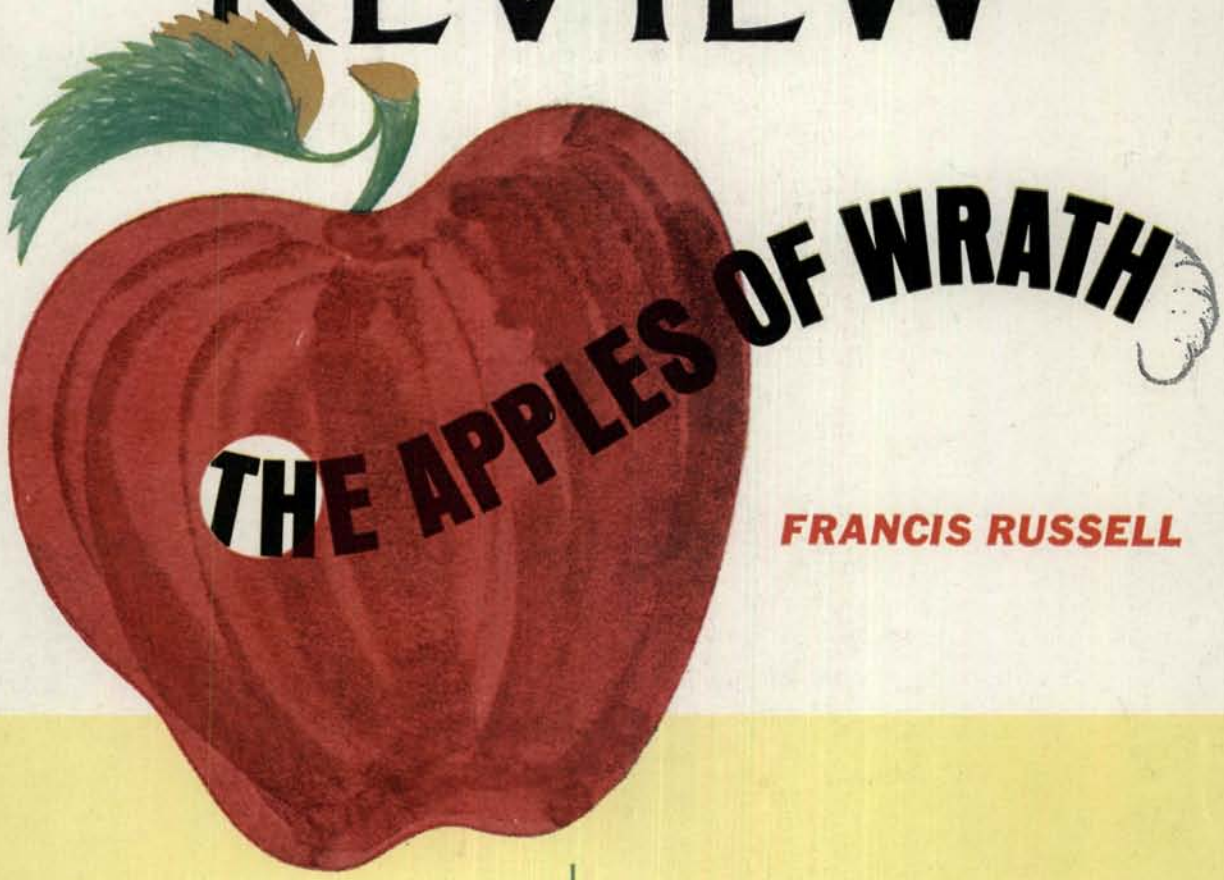

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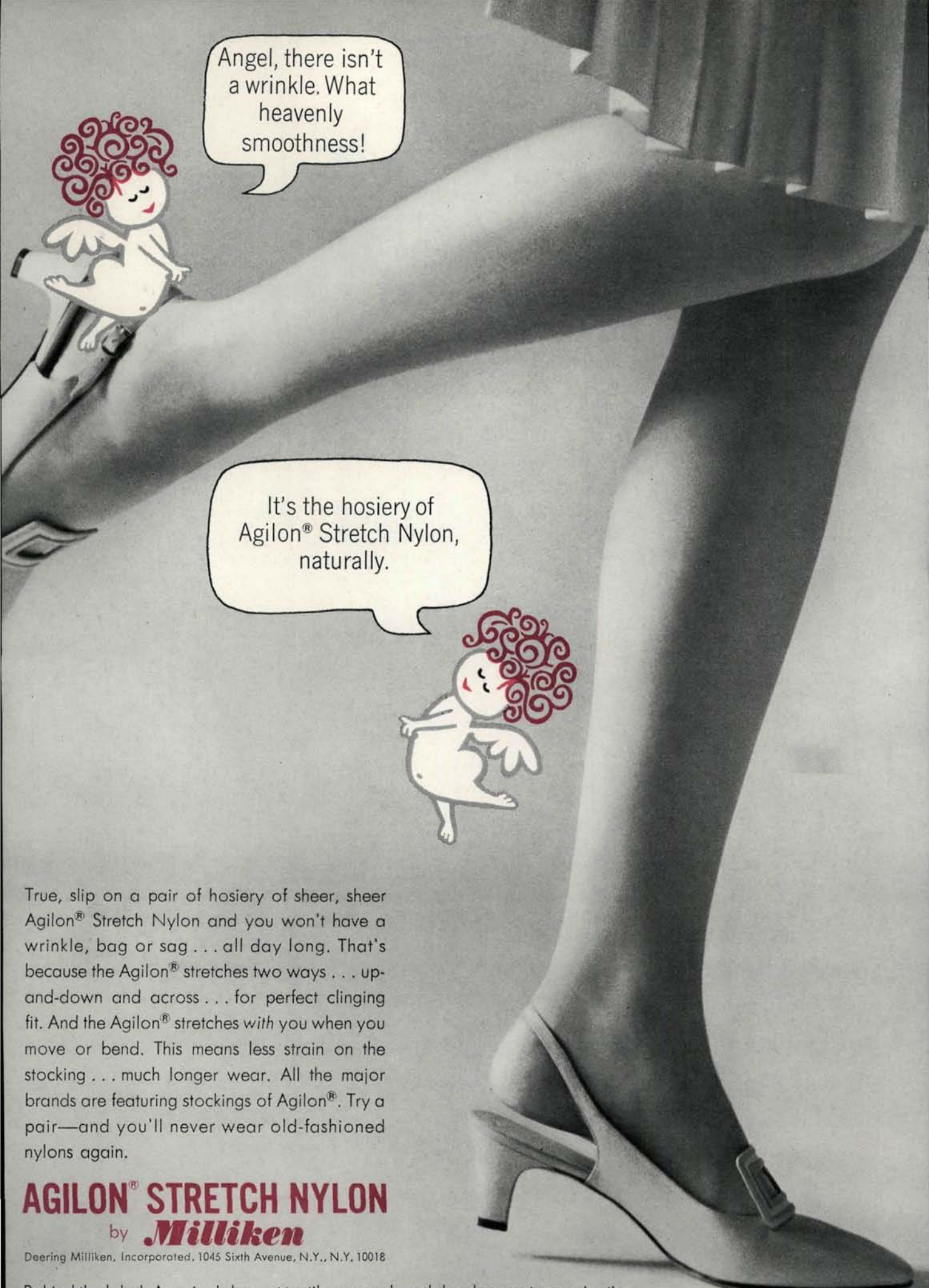

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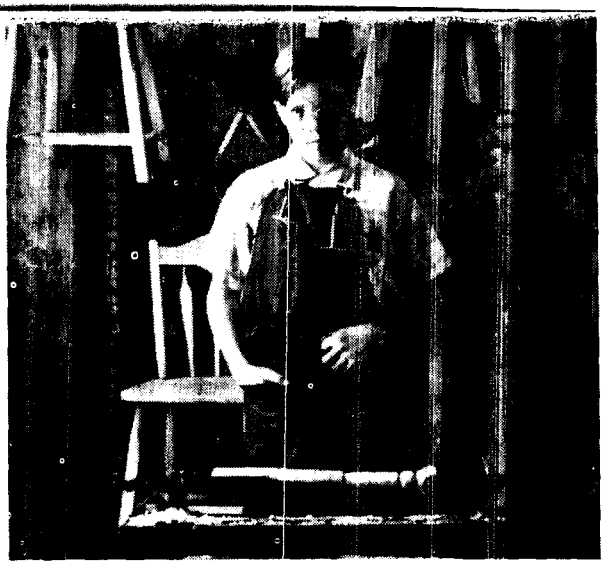

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Vol. XVIII No. 32

914 THE WEEK

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

908 Letters
922 The High Cost of the Minimum Wage *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
923 Laid on the Line *by James Burnham*
924 Freeman's Guide to Unsatisfactory People *by Neil B. Freeman*
926 Bounty of the Eastern Shore *by Nika Standen Hazelton*
928 Imperial Britain, R I P *by Colm Brogan*
932 The Apples of Wrath *by Francis Russell*
934 Who Is Behind the Race Riots? *by Philip A. McCombs*
936 The Fierce Phonics War *by Russell Kirk*
949 Trans-O-Gram
952 For the Record

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

937 Complacency in High Places *by George Fielding Eliot*
938 A Torch in the Labyrinth *by Hugh Kenner*
941 Dashiell Hammett's Microcosmos *by Donald Phelps*
943 Staying Up Late, Talking Dirty, and All That *by Arlene Croce*
946 Books in Brief

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ All right, says the unrufflable **Colm Brogan,** you ask me about colonialism and I'll tell you about colonialism. I don't say it put an end to all the horrors, but colonialism certainly did put at least a damper on cannibalism, slave trading, tribal genocide, that kind of thing. So what's all the rejoicing about, now that we've chopped the British Empire down to a bit o' land off Norway plus Tristan da Cunha and Aden? . . . **Francis Russell,** the Alec Waugh of apples, and the all-time champion of Hubbardston, tells of the troubles of bringing in this year's bounty of apples in eastern Massachusetts, when he could be telling about the better orchards—those up against the eastern slope of the Berkshires, out Sheffield way. . . . **Philip A. McCombs,** back at his station after testifying before HUAC, rises from the underground to speak of the hand the Wild Left has played in the demonstrations the Attorney General and his coterie are eager to pin on "ghetto" conditions. A good deal of the racial rioting that has been reported has actually been social rioting ignited by agitators whose training leaned markedly towards mayhem, anarchy, and trinitrotoluene. . . . Mr. **Neal Freeman,** an editor at Arlington House (the publishers), in 1965 the Lord Temporal of the Conservative Party's candidate for Mayor of New York and amanuensis for *NR*'s Cato, tells us about the people whom he has met who have decidedly underwhelmed him. For the benefit of readers who cannot read, we tell the story in pictures, even as *Life* and *Look.*

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** observes that the Congress of the United States is at the brink of passing yet another law to establish the minimum wage, and goes through the theoretical and experiential reasonings that make most people agree that the minimum wage law is an engine of unemployment, a tool of the blue-collar imperialists, and a cruel hoax on the earner of the (former) minimum wage. . . . A book, says **James Burnham,** written by a former Chief of Staff, and arguing for a harder line in U.S. foreign policy and military development, deserves the warmest welcome. Welcome aboard, Gen. Nathan Twining, USAF (Ret.). . . . When is a delectation a bash? When **Nika Standen Hazelton** goes to the chicken festival on the Eastern Shore, that's when, when the governor, and the yacht, and when that Southern charm, and ummmm.

➔ Major **George Fielding Eliot** reviews the latest volume of the memoirs of the great British military analyst, B. H. Liddell Hart, whose sad work it was to foresee the weaponry of World War II with such accuracy that the Germans copied him while his own people, terrified at the thought of innovation, ignored him. . . . Prof. **Hugh Kenner** writes luminously of a new book by Garry Wills, a guided tour of Roman writings that have not become pickled in centuries of classroom brine. That other, less known, Rome was troubled with problems curiously "modern." . . . A new anthology of Dashiell Hammett moves Mr. **Donald Phelps** to speculate on the more darker truths of his fiction *(The Maltese Falcon, The Glass Key).* Mr. Phelps edits a small literary journal named *For Now.* . . . Triple editor **Arlene Croce** *(Ballet Review, Rally,* NATIONAL REVIEW) watched Burton & Taylor in the *Virginia Woolf* movie, and concludes that the ideal repertory for these fat, disorderly, and unreal persons will be found a few centuries back.

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In Our Lifetime

Thanks for usual fine job on Oswald and Warren Report ["Doubts About Dallas," by Francis Russell, Sept. 6]. However, the big question remains unanswered. How could a top-secret White House staff assume powers to examine all evidence first, sift it for anything embarrassing to LBJ, and spoon-feed what they wished to come out as The Report? This is exactly what happened and the most revealing testimony was suppressed and will not be made available in "our lifetime," according to Chief Justice Warren.

Westport, Conn. ANDOR MOLNAR

'Death of God'

The three articles [Aug. 9, Aug. 23, Sept. 6] on the "Death of God" theology were the best that I have read. Will Herberg did an excellent job of making the philosophy, etc., of the "death of God" plain and understandable. For the first time I really understand what this theology means and what its basis is.

Chicago, Ill. RANDALL ERICSON

As a recent graduate from a Catholic college, I have watched with dismay the inroads made by the "new" theologians like Robinson, Altizer *et al.* on my theology department. It seems to me there is an intrinsic link between the Death-of-God theology and the rise of the New Morality with its denial of moral absolutes and its distortion of the Biblical theme of *agape* into a humanistic ethic of relativism. The New Morality can only have its source in the absence of any Divine meaning to man's existence and the necessity of man building his own code of ethics based on the shifting sands of "situationalism."

Woodside, N.Y. THOMAS M. EGAN

Will Herberg properly identifies the massacre of the Trinity by the "non-new" Death-of-God theologians.

But where do they profess the Divinity of Christ? As one said to me, "I see God in this man (Jesus) as in no other. . . ." Another told my student, "You can be God like Jesus." It seems to me they profess a unitarianism of the Third Person. Religion is that which binds me to my fellow man—that spirit within me which I share with all my fellows, i.e. a kind of world soul like Buddhism. Hence the reflection of this theological principle occurs in the new liturgy, specifically the removal of the altar to the "center" of religion, the congregation, standing *around* the "communion table," home-Lord's-Supper-parties, bath-tub wine, etc.

It's a shame to have to waste our time on this. But waste it we must because this bastard heresy is strangling our beautiful truth, the Trinity. Please more articles on this subject. The other side is winning the minds of my students. They cannot cope with their world under the new morality-theology.

Baltimore, Md. ELIZABETH B. KAUFMAN

I must take exception to Will Herberg's statement [Aug. 9] that many, if not most, contemporary theologians would agree in whole or part with the "Death of God" philosophic aberration. Certainly orthodox Christian theologians will never accept the theory that God's being depends upon His meaning to man, any more than scholastic philosophers accept Kant's theory that reality as we know it is a categorization of man's mind.

As a matter of fact, outside of revelation, we know God only by human analogy. This is possible because man is theomorphic: he is made in the image and likeness of God, and so can come to some imperfect knowledge of his Creator.

But when the creature says its Creator is no longer relevant and meaningful to him, and therefore is dead, we have reached a new low in human pomposity and ridiculousness. Heretofore the zenith of human snobbery took place in New England where the Lowells spoke only to Cabots, and the Cabots spoke only to

(Continued on p. 910)

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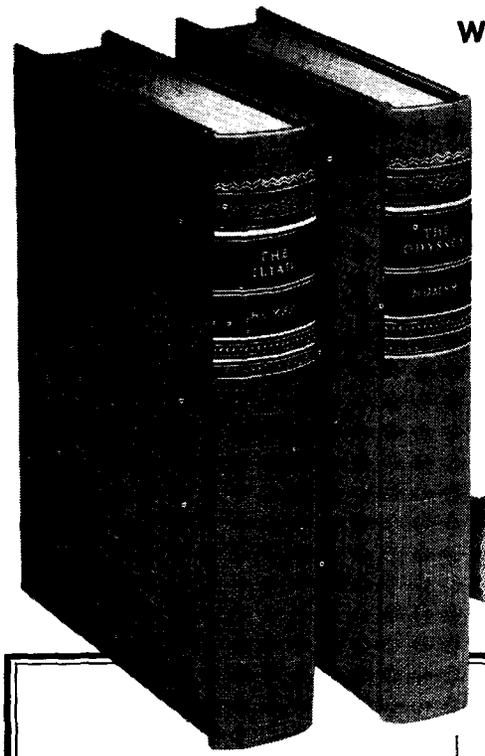

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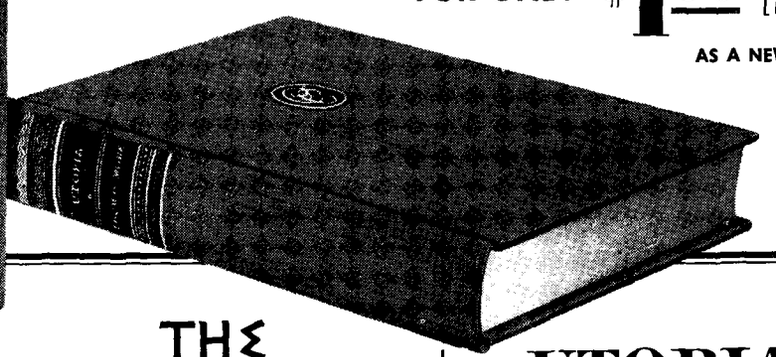

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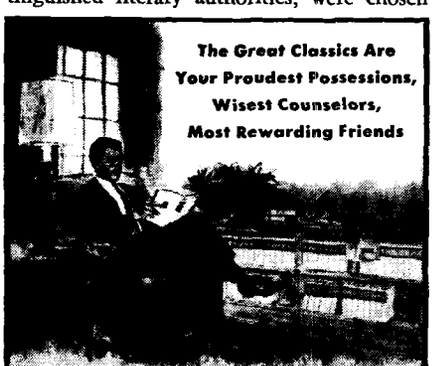

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 908)

God. But the "new breed" theologians go the Cabots one better: they won't even speak to God. I'm sure God must be shattered by this cosmic (and comic) snub.

New York, N.Y. ANDREW J. MCCAULEY

Dams

I want to express my deepest appreciation for Cato's opposition [Sept. 6] to the two dams the Bureau of Reclamation wants to build in the Grand Canyon (though outside the formal limits of the National Park), and which is strongly supported by representatives of the Southwest. Conservatives such as Barry Goldwater have supported the dams and I was hoping an opposite stand would appear in your journal.

It would take hours to explain just the economic shortcomings of these power dams, which in themselves would provide not one drop of water for Arizona. From a conservationist standpoint, though, it would be an anachronistic act of desecration. The Grand Canyon is an irreplacable wilderness area, with a unique and dynamic wildlife community which depends on a living Colorado River. This would be destroyed, along with much else, were the dams built.

Madison, Wis. KENNETH ALAN COLLINS

'Wrinkles on My Lady'

As one whose love affair with Spain goes back some twenty-five years prior to Peter Crumpet's infatuation [Aug. 23], I must say that he has learned a lot in eight years. It took me twenty to reach some of the same conclusions—and somewhat reluctantly, I might add.

He is to be congratulated for a very penetrating analysis.

Stamford, Conn. P. M. FRANCOEUR

Croce on DeKoster

Arlene Croce's choice of Professor Lester DeKoster of Calvin College as an "orthodox and conservative" authority re Robert Welch ["Is Robert Welch's Doctrine Christian?" Aug. 9] was a serious mistake.

In Michigan DeKoster is known as an editor of a small leftish Dutch Reformed magazine which regularly attacks anything to the right of Arthur Larson.

For example, in the January 1965 issue of his *Reformed Journal*, DeKoster commends as "responsible advocates" of conservatism who have "a substantial following in the United States" such "conservatives" as Clinton Rossiter, Peter Viereck and George Romney.

Pursuing the same line, DeKoster then extends to his readers "an invitation to learning" by referring them to the Overstreets' *The Strange Tactics of Ex-*

(Continued on p. 912)

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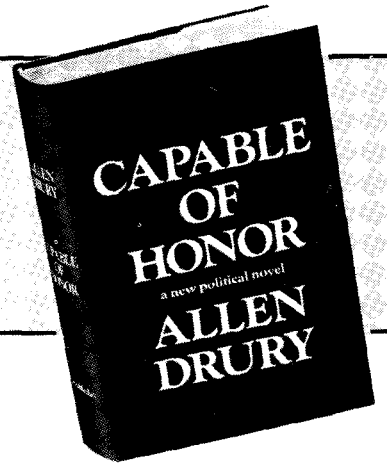

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Orrin Knox, the Taft-like statesman who is tormented unmercifully by the Liberals. But the press dares not give the same treatment to Knox's aide and friend . . .

Cullee Hamilton. This strapping Negro Congressman, patriotic and fearless, sends the Liberals into sheer hysteria as he stands before the Security Council and proclaims that the United Nations is the greatest mechanism for liars in the history of mankind.

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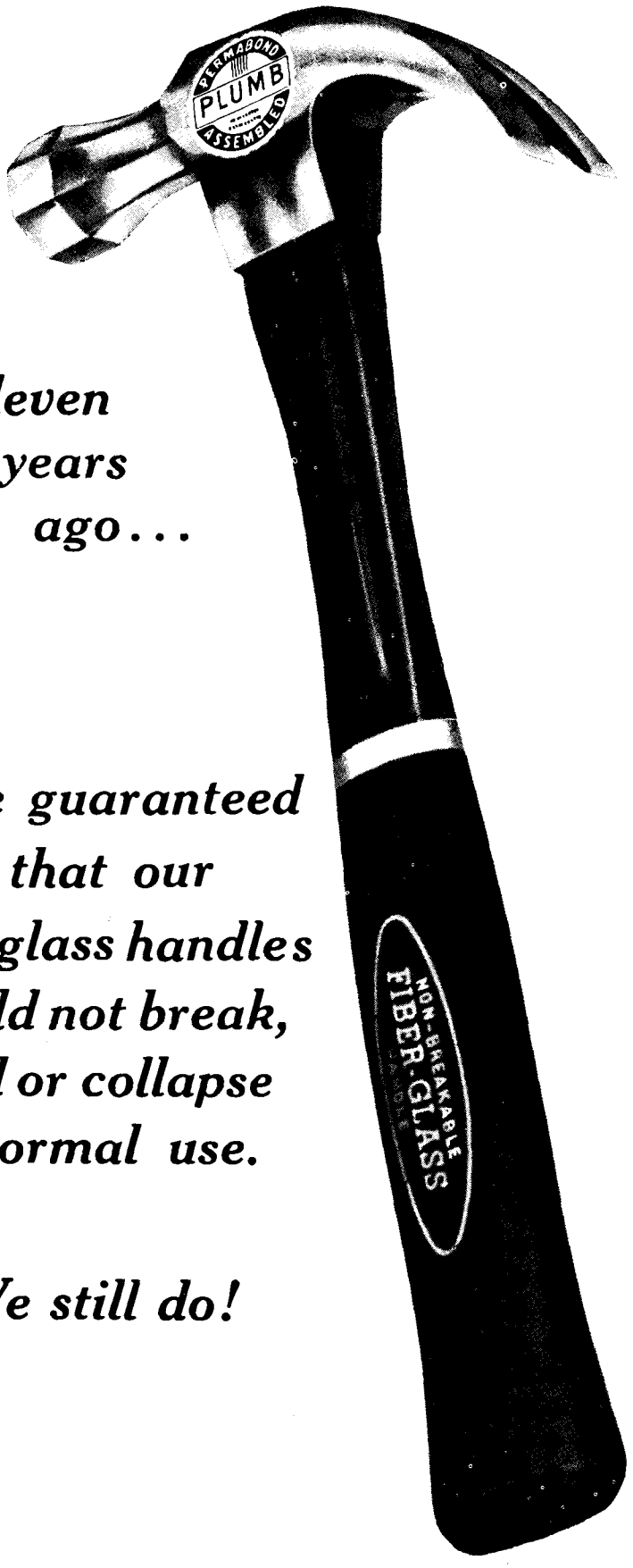

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 910)

tremism and Forster & Epstein's *Danger on the Right.*

Such works, according to DeKoster, are "books for moderates" containing information for "ordinary citizens who are concerned with the welfare of their nation and the liberties of their children."

In orthodox Presbyterian and Reformed circles DeKoster is considered anything but conservative either politically or religiously. During the heyday of the Reuther-ADA domination of Michigan politics, DeKoster became active as a member of the Democratic Party, finally sitting on the executive committee of the Kent County Democratic Committee.

Although he manages to sustain a small following among certain clergy and campus leftists who try to herald his as "an original thinker," his position is the conventional one of democratic Socialism interwoven with the usual pseudo-Christian rationale for redistributing the wealth (see his book *Communism and Christian Faith*, Eerdmans, 1962).

I think that whatever legitimate concern Arlene Croce may have about Welch's fundamentalism, her use of DeKoster as an authority on the matter

(Continued on p. 951)

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BLACK and CONSERVATIVE

The Autobiography of Negro conservative George S. Schuyler

Who said that all Negroes are poor . . . uneducated . . . "dangerous"? Who said no Negro will help himself without massive injections of federal aid from the "Great Society"? Who said there is no Negro middle class in America . . . or that there are no wealthy Negroes?

Above all, WHO SAID that Negroes — rich or poor — welcome the "pity pitch" that white Liberals have been handing out for years with cruel indifference to the fact that they are castrating Negro self-respect as they endlessly cry out, "Human rights! Human rights!"

BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE IS A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

"The welfare of Negroes is primarily the responsibility of Negroes".—George S. Schuyler

George S. Schuyler, successful journalist and the author of BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE, is the embodiment of a large and important segment of middle-class America: the successful, comfortable American Negro family. His new book presses hard for an answer to this: *"Why has the Liberal press rendered millions of successful Negroes completely invisible?* Why have the networks failed to acknowledge *this* part of our Negro population? People who want no government handouts . . . need no charity. Negro people who, without sit-ins and marches and bloody riots, have long ago shown that they can be as 'equal' as anybody."

Though BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE is autobiographical, its importance lies well beyond the fact that it is the engaging life story of a courageous newspaperman with an unpopular cause. Schuyler's experiences over the last four decades — first in the Socialist movement and then (as the folly of this cause revealed itself) as an ardent conservative and anti-Communist — are filled with important data that no American should be without.

He takes us back to the early days of the Socialist movement in America, and to the spreading infection of Communist thought in education and government during the 30's. But he *also* reveals the ways in which energetic Negroes have long been able to rise and flourish in "whitey's" world — without handouts. As a newspaper man, he is wonderfully adept at bringing to life key moments . . . key events . . . and key *people*, both on the left and right, who helped set the stage for today's world. You get important insights into men like Harry Bridges . . . Roy Wilkins . . . Louis Budenz . . . Ralph Bunche . . . John Chamberlain . . . Victor Lasky . . . Eugene Lyons . . . Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. . . . Norman Thomas . . . and many others.

The Negro Revolution

On this anguished issue, George Schuyler's is a voice of sanity. No Uncle Tom, he refuses to blink away the burdens of discrimination; and his words carry weight because he speaks without bitterness . . . because he is anxious to *defend* American society, not tear it down.

Schuyler heaps scorn on professional agitators, whom he labels self-serving, with a "vested interest in disaster". He charges that the Negro Revolution is inspired by Communists and other collectivists, backed by a horde of Liberal apologists.

Above all, he pleads for patience, doesn't look for "instant perfection", maintains that America is dealing with its racial problems far more generously than any other nation. In a telling point, Schuyler cites the "revolution of rising expectations" as proof that American Negroes have not only been making rapid strides for decades; they *know* it. And that is precisely why they have expectations that Negroes elsewhere wouldn't dream of.

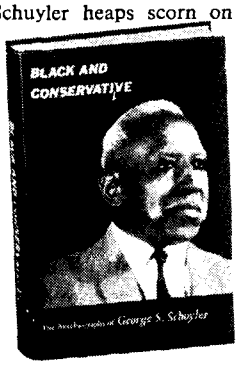
Hundreds of Vitally Important HARD FACTS Fill This Revealing Book:

- **Why the Negro Press began swallowing the Communist line as far back as the 30's.**
- **Communist fronts aimed at Negroes in the Red Decade.**
- **The role of Robert C. Weaver, now LBJ's man in HUD.**
- **The deliberate myths attached to overcrowding in Harlem . . . and the myths about universal Negro self-hatred.**
- **How Socialist clothing unions preached brotherhood—and barred Negroes.**
- **Schuyler blows the whistle on W.E.B. DuBois.**
- **The origin of the slogan, "We shall overcome".**
- **Surprising facts about the mixed feelings of Negroes on miscegenation.**

Risk-Free Examination

Sound like a refreshing book? Indeed it is, and heartening. George Schuyler is living proof that a Negro need not feel alienated in his native land. If his voice is a lonely one today, this book will tell other responsible Negroes that they are not alone — and remind whites that they must reach out to men like George Schuyler.

May we send you a copy of BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE? Unless you agree the book is valuable and important, your inspection will cost you nothing. Simply mail the coupon below with $5.95. After two weeks, you may, if you wish, return the book for any reason and receive a full refund (including extra money to cover your return postage). But we're quite sure you're going to want to keep it. Mail to your bookseller or: Arlington House, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.



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The WEEK

● Disarmament talks recessed in Geneva after seven months of fruitless negotiation. Disarmament months recessed in fruitless after seven talks of Geneva negotiation. Negotiation disarmed to talk less and seven fruits were recessed in Geneva. And everybody renewed his lease for January.

● Governor Nelson Rockefeller has started his campaign for re-election, and New York's mobs are less forgiving than he expected. He was stunned at one rally when a taxpayer asked him about his 1962 campaign pledge not to raise taxes, a pledge almost immediately dishonored. Rockefeller could only admit it was a "blooper" (costing the voters $2 billion a year; wonder what he would call an "error"?), and tried to blame it all on the schools (another blooper: state educational expenses have risen enough to explain only half of the total rise in the state budget), and on the taxpayers who "demand" the services that cost the money. Which is to say, Mr. Rockefeller seeks re-election on the grounds that he hasn't been responsible for the state's government during the past eight years he's been in Albany. With bloopers like that, who needs catastrophes?

● Bank loans to businesses have been rising at an annual rate of 20 per cent so far this year, helping to feed the inflationary hunger for doing business on the cuff. The Federal Reserve Board last week shed a portion of its stupor and warned every one of the 8,000 member banks that if they don't turn off the credit spigot they'll find it harder and harder to borrow from the Fed. Some observers think the Federal Reserve Board acted about one year late. But at least it did act, and there's no question that one of its central duties is to stand guard over the lending windows of the nation's banks. Meanwhile the International Monetary Fund has given the same advice, *mutatis mutandis,* to the biggest borrower of them all, the U.S. Government. The game is getting interesting.

● To bolster their position, critics of the bombing of North Vietnam have referred to a British analysis of World War II bombing entitled "The Strategic Air Offensive Against Germany." But that study, while concluding that the offensive against German communications did little to end the war, comes to a much different conclusion regarding the bombing of oil depots. Such attacks, it says, had "important results on the last German efforts of resistance" and "made a large contribution to the Allied victory." The postwar study concludes that "none of the other means of pressure could have been applied with such success if the attack on oil had not taken place."

● Under a federal legal aid program called "Judicare," which Sargent Shriver's office has been trying out in northern Wisconsin, you can go to the lawyer of your choice and the government foots the bill. In this way, runs the theory, the poor are able to redress the abuses of loansharks, slumlords and other myriad parasites without embroiling themselves in government bureaucracy. But Judicare's clients run the opposite way from theory. In the first six weeks of the program, 84% sued for divorce and the hell with the landlord. Shriver is now wondering how he can drop a smash hit like Judicare and still convince Congress that the war on poverty is meeting the needs of the people. He might start by clapping his hands three times.

● Some interesting data on black power will be made public this month in Washington. Stokely Carmichael, 25-year-old head of SNCC, is generally credited with the first public use of the term. But at the Newport Folk Festival this summer, Carmichael boasted that he had been taught the black power concept by Myles Horton, one of several persons operating Commonwealth College in Mena, Arkansas, and cited by the Attorney General as a Communist. He also was a member of the board of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, cited as Communist by HUAC. For some time he was director of the Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tenn., which Carmichael scoffingly noted has been called "a Communist front." Actually it has never officially been cited by any federal authority, but in 1954 the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee reported that "a witness who has been a member of the Communist Party testified that when he was Tennessee's district organizer of the Communist Party he made arrangements with Myles Horton and others . . . for a Communist student to go to the Highlander Folk School to recruit students into the Communist Party." The witness further testified that the Highlander Folk School cooperated closely with the Communist Party, and that when he asked Myles Horton to become a member of the Communist Party, Horton replied: "I am doing you just as much good now as I would if I were a member of the Communist Party. I am often asked if I am a Communist Party member and I always say 'no.' I feel much safer in having no fear that evidence might be uncovered to link me with the Communist Party." This is the person of whom

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Carmichael said at Newport: "I used to think the way to fight discrimination was with love, until Myles taught me you need power, not love."

● Nobody wants a supersonic transport plane. No nation wants it, because there are so many other ways of using the resources needed to build it that are socially more desirable and politically more attractive. No airline wants it because it will be so frightfully expensive just after the huge costs of shifting from propellers to jets. No individual traveler wants it because it makes no sense to go across the ocean faster than to the airport. But want it or not, we are going to get it, and that is certain. The Russians are building their TU-114; the English and French, their Concorde. And it has just been revealed that back in April the President assigned our own fastest and mostest a "DX priority"—the highest there is in the national form sheet. No nation wants it, but no nation capable of making it can afford to let another nation produce it, unchallenged; no airline can be without it if another airline gets it; and, so cussed are all of us, no individual traveler who has the cash or the expense account for a ticket will travel at 600 mph when he can hop an 1,800-miler. So fasten your seat belts and watch those billions of dollars blow by.

● For years, Sen. Karl Mundt (R., S.D.) has sought to ascertain the size of the spending backlog authorized by Congress. After ages of foot-dragging, the Budget Bureau has finally produced the information, which was duly published as a committee report—of which only a handful of copies were run. And no wonder. It turns out that there are an incredible 130 revolving funds on the books (some inoperative); 78 permanent appropriations, such as the interest on the debt; and sixteen backdoor spending authorizations. As of March 1965, revolving fund authorizations totaled $24.5 billion; permanent authorizations totaled $12.3 billion; and backdoor authorizations totaled $4.1 billion. In addition there are $47.4 billion of authorizations that do not require annual approval, making a total of $88.4 billion in the pipelines!

● "Then Chairman Mao Tse-tung's dearest comrade-in-arms, Comrade Lin Piao, came among us. We went before him carrying the No. 1 armband of the capital's picket corps, and asked him to become commander-in-chief. He replied, 'All right.' We were enthusiastic and presented him with the armband." Thus did the spokesman of Communist China's militant youth corps, the Red Guards—i.e. Storm Troopers —describe the installation as their leader of Defense Minister Lin Piao who, though 58 years old, has evidently discovered the secret of eternal youth. The episode seemed to confirm the opinions: a) that Lin has indeed been chosen as Mao's heir, and b) that the riotous purge of all things civilized now being carried out by the young toughs of the Red Guard is firmly under the control of their elders, who are using it, as they used the Let The Hundred Flowers Bloom campaign, to destroy seeds of opposition that might be on the point of sprouting.

● The Healthy, Wealthy & Wise Department calculated that the first year of federal medical care under the new law would cost $238 million. Perhaps calculated is too strong a word. It turns out that the New York adaptation to the federal program will, all by itself, cost $217 million a year in federal funds. On the other hand, no one knows whether the New York plan will go through, or whether anyone is really covered. Does it require federal approval? Will the law be changed? Who's on first? What does Shriver say? Stick out your tongue, say ouch. . . .

● For almost twenty years after the Americans halted at the gates of Berlin and allowed the Russians to take the city, historians have clashed on the question whether the halt was necessary. Eisenhower, in his memoirs, accepts full responsibility for *ordering* the halt. Gen. S.L.A. Marshall, the renowned military writer, in recent reviews of two books on the Second World War, revives the argument by stating that the American armies were disorganized, unsupported, hotly opposed, and in no shape to take Berlin anyway. Now, and we hope finally and forever, Gen. William H. Simpson settles the question by describing, in full military detail, the excellent condition of his Ninth Army as it halted at the Elbe. His letter, published in a recent *New York Times* book review section, concludes: "I am convinced that the U.S. Ninth Army could have captured Berlin well ahead of the Russians if it had not been stopped on the Elbe on 15 April, 1945." *Requiescat.*

● And how is the Reverend Doctor Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. these days? 1) In contempt of court. 2) In arrears of $162,000 in law suits. 3) In trouble with his wife, whom he has kept on his Washington payroll, even though she lives in Puerto Rico, for eight years. Mrs. Powell hasn't seen a paycheck since August 7. Meanwhile, Powell hosted a secret parley on his new fancy, black power, and invited the gang. They all came, too—except for Stokely Carmichael, Floyd McKissick, Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young Jr. Is Powell on the outs with the black power structure? Why can't Mrs. Powell have money? Is the Bag Woman behind it all? Congress watches and wonders.

● Go to the United Nations Plaza. Stand at the front gate and shout U Thant! U Thant! U Thant! a hundred times, as loud as you can. See what happens.

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Standing Fast with Senator Dirksen

A delegation of twelve civil rights, educational and religious leaders from Chicago failed today to sway the opposition of Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, Republican of Illinois, to the open housing provision of the Civil Rights Bill.

New York *Times*

Some people, when they set upon a course,
Would rather *die* than ever waver from it.
They say the gods had hollered themselves hoarse
At young Icarus . . . but he chose to plummet.
Thus, Martin Luther penned a famous note
Which ended with: "Upon this rock I stand."
Though, Diet-wise, he didn't get a vote,
The guy preferred to fight than switch his brand.
I dig a bitter-ender; hopefully,
The Senator's implacable as Grant.
It's time somebody thought of me and thee
Instead of Javits, CORE, and King, and Thant.
Dear Ev, be adamant! Be strong! Be true!
Much more than "Mrs. Murphy" rides on you.

W. H. VON DREELE

De Gaulle on the Loose

President de Gaulle has repeatedly stated, during the past several years, that France remains the ally of the United States and Britain even though she no longer accepts NATO's integrated command structure. De Gaulle's voice at Pnompenh, however, was not the voice of an ally. For a firm and wholly committed ally, our enemy is his enemy. An ally, genuine but less than wholly committed, might properly attempt to mediate a secondary conflict in which we might be engaged. But de Gaulle, at Pnompenh, intervened on the side of our enemy. About that we should avoid illusion.

De Gaulle named only our soldiers as the force entering the Vietnam conflict from the outside. He said no word about the North Vietnam battalions and divisions fighting in the south; about the 50,000 Communist Chinese technicians and instructors in North Vietnam; about the armament and essential supplies coming from China and the Soviet Union. He assigned no share of responsibility in initiating and continuing the conflict to Hanoi, Peking or Moscow. He demanded the unconditional "repatriation" within "an appropriate and fixed period of time" of our forces only.

In political and strategic substance, that is to say, de Gaulle called for a Communist victory in Vietnam, and our defeat: for that would be the inevitable consequence of accepting his analysis and demand.

He added the usual rider about a settlement in accord with the 1954 Geneva agreement, with neutralization of "all Indochina" under an international guarantee by, principally, China, the Soviet Union, France, Britain and the United States. This proposal, whether made by de Gaulle or Lyndon Johnson, is empty. The 1954 agreement—arrived at when France still had a large army in Indochina, Britain was still powerfully deployed in the Far East and Communist China neither recovered from the civil war nor possessed of nuclear weapons—collapsed into the present struggle. Why should anyone have hopes about its renewal? What would be the meaning of this international guarantee? France has no power at all remaining in the region. Britain has given up all its bases except Singapore, and is rapidly liquidating what remains of its force east of Suez. The Soviet Union has no local military power. The only serious forces bearing on Indochina are those of North Vietnam and, back of those, of Communist China, and, of course, our own. If American power withdraws, as de Gaulle demands, the strategic and political equations are self-evident. Indochina—plus, soon enough, all Southeast Asia—is absorbed within the Communist hegemony.

De Gaulle was once a master of strategic and political equations, but he has allowed his swollen pride and his rhetoric to becloud his sense of fact. From his words at Pnompenh one senses that he cannot endure the thought that the soldiers of the North American upstart might prevail where the soldiers of France so dismally failed. Still less is he willing to face the truth that France's security—and his own freedom to maneuver so recklessly—depends wholly today, as it has for twenty-five years, on the protection provided by the power of the despised North Americans.

Plowing On with Richard Nixon

Richard Nixon tramps step by studied step along the course he has set himself toward the 1968 nomination. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW rate professionalism high among the political virtues, but we sometimes wish Mr. Nixon would permit himself an occasional spontaneous moment, and wouldn't always *look* as if he were trying so hard. The record of his visit to Washington the last week of August read like Appendix B in a Handbook for the Practical Politician. Senate Republican Policy Committee, House Republican Conference, individual congressional leaders of all wings, maximum-size press conference, special interviews with all comers, announcement of plans to campaign for Republican candidates in 187 states between now and election day. . . . It wears one out just thinking about it.

Though first and most into the field, Mr. Nixon knows that it's too early for concessions. He was matter-of-fact in Washington about the two bodies

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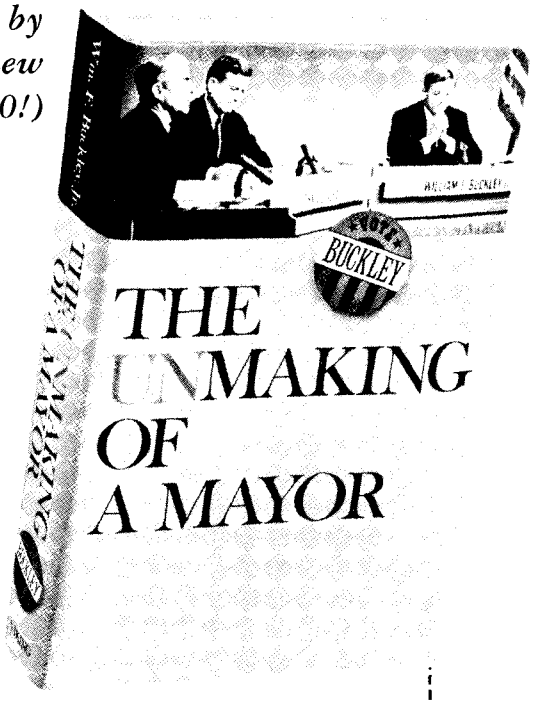

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● **Can Race and Religion be kept out of politics?** Buckley shows how *both* were injected into the campaign by the very people who decried prejudice, and how *anything* said about the issues which naturally concerned the vast majority of New Yorkers was alleged to be thinly-veiled bigotry. (Example: ". . . the Conservative candidate came right out in the open on crime in the streets, drug addiction, protest demonstrations and all the other code words for race prejudice." – Joseph Kraft, New York *Post*.)

● **What is the real effect of Welfare Programs?** Huge Welfare expenditures make New York City's budget second only to the Federal government's — yet Buckley shows conclusively why and how these giant give-aways are a major reason for the city's decline (see especially the section "New York Is Not Hong Kong").

● **The "Position Papers":** The Buckley campaign brought forward a whole series of proposals ("needlepointed," *Time* called them) for solving a big city's most pressing problems — including crime, narcotics, business taxes, education, school busing — yet much of the press let the public hear almost *nothing* about them.

● **The Republican Party:** Buckley faces squarely the dilemma of the Republicans in Democratic-controlled big cities. Admitting the tremendous difficulties involved, he argues persuasively against the current Republican vogue for abandoning principles to win elections. (Many observers have concluded that Buckley's own campaign proves that the *opposite* is more likely to be smart politics!)

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3) How the Conservative Party began.
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6) Who raised the Communist issue?
7) Why Buckley refused to march in the Pulaski Day parade.

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he now sees moving up and panting. It was doubtless to guard his right flank against a possible future raid by Ronald Reagan that Mr. Nixon called the long off-the-record (but on-the-wire-services) conference of conservative leaders, and to most of their questions gave the answers that conservatives like to hear. We do believe that Mr. Nixon's heart is located somewhat to the conservative side of center, but his tongue seems to wag, usually, more in tune with what his brain tells him about where the votes are.

Governor George Romney, according to the latest polls, has pulled slightly ahead of Mr. Nixon with the Republican ranks, though he is still a comparative outsider with the pros. But Romney is a puzzling challenger to deal with by standard procedures: he seems to pop up, in quantum jumps, anywhere in the field, left, right or center. Except to name him in the same sentence with Ronald Reagan, Mr. Nixon did not attempt, for the present, any specific move on the Romney threat. Mr. Nixon knows, for that matter, that the November 8 results in California and Michigan may eliminate both Reagan and Romney, or one of them, without any sweat on his part; or may—this too is quite conceivable—give one of them too big a push for a candidate without a territorial base to match.

Surprise

What surprised a lot of people during the public hearings in Washington on urban problems was the revelation that many Negroes and a fair number of Liberals think that it's *not* the cops—it's the robbers who are villains in our cities, even in the Negro ghettoes. This is not according to the script at all; by their way of it, police brutality is the overriding menace to life in Harlem and Watts. The ill-conceived civilian review board, newly created in New York City by its new mayor, has its alleged justification in the widespread anxiety about police brutality; and it must have been something of a shock to those civil rights militants who sponsored this measure to hear the testimony that emerged at Senator Ribicoff's hearings.

A poll of Negroes in Harlem and Watts showed that they have a strong desire to see police protection in their areas strengthened, not weakened. Senator Ribicoff said the poll was as accurate as could be obtained; it was conducted by Negroes themselves, interviewing their neighbors, under the direction of John F. Kraft, Inc., an independent professional organization that does research on public opinion. The attitudes which emerged in the poll were considerably more "middle class" and normal than the enemies of the police would expect. The police were criticized, and there was some hostility toward them, but this was entirely on the grounds that they were too weak and too few in the Negro areas—not on the grounds that they were sadistic or anti-Negro. "Police brutality, as such, was not a volunteered problem of concern to the people of Harlem," the reported noted. Instead, there was widespread concern over drug addiction and crimes of violence in the area—and resentment that the police were not able to control these things.

Toward the end of the hearings the senators heard from Joseph Lyford, 48, professor of urban studies at the University of California in Berkeley, who had made a six-year study of New York's upper West Side for the Ford Foundation's Liberal-oriented Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. Lyford said that while he was theoretically in favor of integrated neighborhoods, the scheme is "just not possible in our cities," and he urged the senators to concentrate on making the present neighborhoods livable. What is wrong, he said, is that there are too few police. "You can find 200 or 300 policemen around the Hilton Hotel protecting the Beatles, but in parts of Harlem you can't find them at any time of day or night."

Senator Goldwater vs. *the Sierra Club*

On page 931, the Sierra Club of San Francisco, a distinguished and ancient friend of American nature, takes space to argue against a Grand Canyon project which has the support of one of its members, Senator Barry Goldwater. Mr. G. has written us his analysis of the project, which we are glad to publish:

> It is inherent in the philosophy of the conservative to be concerned with conservation and preservation of nature and her works. We, in Arizona, have been falsely accused of asking Congress for a life-saving project to bring Colorado River water to the arid central valleys of Arizona which, in the words of our accusers, would "inundate and flood the Grand Canyon."
>
> Having practically lived in this canyon, photographed it, studied it and explored it for fifty years of my life, I would be the first one to object to any structure which would accomplish the above threat.
>
> I assure you that Hualapai Dam, against which certain conservationists have raised much resentment, will not "flood," "ruin," or "impair" the beauty of the Grand Canyon. Hualapai Dam will be 150 miles downstream from El Tovar on the south rim of the Grand Canyon National Park where people see and know the Grand Canyon.
>
> Let me trace for you the path of the reservoir created by Hualapai Dam from its beginning, which

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ "We have got a scandal here," says Sen. Richard B. Russell (D., Ga.). "Men who have enough pull to get into the Reserve or National Guard units are not being sent to fight, while the man across the street who is drafted lands in Vietnam."

◆ Strong pressures on Members of Congress are coming from several directions. On the one hand are the incensed draftees and their parents, wives, girl friends and relatives. On the other are the Reserve and National Guard lobbies, among the most powerful in Washington.

◆ But beyond pressures, there are honest differences of opinion in the Congress over what should be done. Senator Russell's answer was to tack on a rider to the $58.1-billion military appropriations bill which would authorize the President—but not require him—to call up Reservists "for not more than 24 consecutive months, less the number of months such members have previously served on active duty for training." Since most of the affected Reservists have had six months of active training, their tour of active duty would be eighteen months. Russell's amendment would eliminate the requirement that a "national emergency" be declared before Reservists can be called to duty, and also would allow them to be called as individuals rather than as units.

◆ The Russell amendment passed the Senate by a vote of 66 to 21. It was accepted by the House delegates to the Senate-House conference on the appropriations bill. But there it stopped. The House turned it down by a standing vote of 162 to 21. Obviously most of the congressmen didn't want to touch the issue, or be put on the record. A count of 245 in the chamber indicated that at least 44 per cent of those present did not vote.

◆ In both chambers of Congress there have been demands *for* a Reserve call-up, a move the President and Defense Secretary McNamara have resisted for political reasons, and will continue to resist at least until November. Better procedures would have increased support for the Russell amendment, but it would not have gained it the support of the Reserve and National Guard lobbies, or of Senator Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.), himself a Reserve major general. They fear that a call-up of individual Reservists would take away so many trained individuals that many home units would be inoperable; that the net result, therefore, would be the merger of the Reserve and the National Guard that Secretary McNamara wants and Congress definitely does not want. Senators Russell and Russell Long (D., La.) replied 1) that what is needed in Vietnam are skilled rear-area specialists such as helicopter mechanics, and 2) that the call-up of entire units can depress the economy of an area. Thurmond submitted an amendment allowing the President to call up units and only those individuals not attached to any unit; it was rejected in the Senate 26 to 62.

◆ Another bill approved by the House Armed Services Committee would authorize the President to call only individual Reservists not attached to a unit, to be chosen from among the 133,000 members of the Reserve and the National Guard who have not received their six months' training owing to a lack of training facilities. *This seems as unfair as the present situation.* Why pick on those 133,000 Reservists and Guardsmen, and still leave the bulk of Reservists safe in their draft haven? Why single them out as a bloc for induction because of McNamara's refusal to expand training facilities?

◆ The Russell amendment seems to be by far the fairest approach to individuals as Congress attempts to equalize the burden of combat duty between draftees and Reservists. But Russell will have to meet the legitimate objections and fears of the Thurmond-led minority in the Senate, and he will have an even harder time trying to make headway in the House. Since the Georgia Senator is not one for futile gestures, any resultant congressional action is liable to lean toward the House version. **—CATO**

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is 54 miles below El Tovar, to the dam itself some 94 miles further on downstream. For its first thirteen miles it will form the northwest boundary of the Grand Canyon National Park—it will not be in the park at all. The Grand Canyon National Monument will be on both sides of the reservoir for the next 8.3 miles. Then for 18.8 miles the Grand Canyon National Monument will be to the north of the reservoir and the Hualapai Indian Reservation will be to the south. The final stretch of 53.7 miles down to the dam will be bounded on the north by the Lake Mead National Recreation area and on the south by the Hualapai Reservation. The water behind Hualapai Dam would rise 474 feet above the streambed in a canyon that is over 5,000 feet deep in that area. If the lake were there today it would be impossible to see from either El Tovar or the observation point on either rim or from any other point along the canyon without traveling many, many miles through undeveloped wilderness by jeep trail.

Close to one hundred miles of the living river in the park itself would remain completely unaffected by Hualapai Dam or the lake behind it. The lake, far from impairing the beauty of the canyon, would add immeasurably to its accessibility and thus make it available to hundreds of thousands of people who would never be able to visit it under conditions as they are now.

The Hualapai Indians want the dam built so that they may become economically independent through development of the great recreation potential of the new lake on their impoverished reservation. There

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is little wild-life in the canyon, and what there is would not be destroyed in any event, and such geological and archeological points of interest as do exist would be more easily studied as the lake level rises and when it is filled.

Revenues from the hydro-electric facilities at the dam are needed to make possible the augmentation of water supplies in the water-short Colorado River —the very lifeline of seven states in the Southwest.

Hendrik Verwoerd, R I P

At this writing it isn't known for sure exactly what were the motives of Dimitri Stefianos, who is South Africa's Lee Harvey Oswald. In the hours immediately after the butchery on the floor of the Parliament in Capetown it was mostly rumors that came in, speculating on the killer's motives, many people secretly hoping that the assassin would turn out to be a black avenger, but secretly fearing that, if such he proved to be, the retaliation would be terrible. And then—the analogy with Oswald is spooky—reports began to come in to the effect that the assassin had sprung from the unexpected quarter. Kennedy, in right-wing country, was shot down from the left. Verwoerd was apparently knifed down by the lumpen white-trash right, by a middle-aged white man of Greek background who was known to have protested Verwoerd's "favoritism" of the black man over against the "poor white man." Indeed the assassin must have been mad, one hastily concludes—because it is easy to forget that there is in South Africa a right wing which considered Verwoerd a dreadful old sentimentalist on racial matters, devoting all that time, land, money, and effort to helping the Bantu. Verwoerd grew to occupy so large a part of the stage that he seemed to crowd all the others out of sight; and certainly, one supposed, he left no room on his right. But that was an illusion. The probability is that Stefianos, like Oswald, acted on his own impulses. (South Africa is not a land in which secret societies that plot the assassination of prime ministers tend to flourish.) But even though Stefianos acted alone and extremely, he reminds us of a body of little-noticed dissent which may assert itself in the months and years ahead.

Dr. Verwoerd was not a particularly ingratiating man, and outside South Africa he will not be mourned, except as an abstraction—the head of government as victim of an assassin. His idea of separate development in South Africa did not spring full-blown from his own mind. The origins of apartheid are a half-century old, and the old socialists in the early Twenties pushed the idea about as hard as it was to go until resurrected as a *Weltanschauung* by Verwoerd's predecessors, Malan and Strijdom. But Verwoerd was of them all the true believer in the idea that integration was precisely not the answer in South Africa, that the races jointly and severally would get on better by going their own way. To that end Dr. Verwoerd stitched together a skein of racial laws, by-laws, regulations and sub-regulations baffingly perplexing, profoundly irritating, questionably moral—tolerable, if at all, only because of the transparent sincerity of Verwoerd and the undeniable material and intellectual progress of the Bantu. About Verwoerd no one, towards the end, hinted what was continuously hinted about his predecessors, namely, that he used the whole apparatus of apartheid as a fancy means to "keep the kaffir in his place."

What now, with the principal apostle gone? Messrs. Vorster, Schoeman and Donges are all believers in apartheid, and one of them is likely to be the next prime minister. But will the next prime minister succeed in keeping that fragile light glowing, which has softened some of the hideousness of apartheid? Or will apartheid as presently conceived now come crashing down from the weight of its own unreality? And if so, will it be possible to effect a reconciliation of a kind that will continue to give the white population of South Africa, into the foreseeable future, the necessary authority to continue to make South Africa an oasis of economic progress and stability in the Dark Continent? Verwoerd may be missed, by members of both the races.

Free as an Eagle?

Judge Robert Hansen of Milwaukee belongs to an organization called the Eagles, and an Eagle he intends to remain, even if the organization continues, over the judge's repeated protests, to refuse to admit non-Caucasians—he is better situated, he reasons, to work for reform from within, than to quit, and belt out his jeremiads into the void. A private dilemma, one would think, concerning which men of reason and good faith could arrive at different conclusions; but in any case, surely a matter for Judge Hansen to decide. . . . Not at all. The Milwaukee youth council of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, spurred on by a noisy lawyer and a fanatical priest, have undertaken to picket the judge's house, day after day after day, turning His Honor's residence in Wauwatosa into a sort of rural riot training center, as the mobs gather and shout and yell demeaning epithets at one another.

The enterprising *Milwaukee Sentinel* retained the celebrated (for accuracy) *Journal* marketing study group to ask the opinion of the community on the matter, and it transpires that no less than 84 per cent of the people of Milwaukee disapprove of the picket-

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ing of Judge Hansen's house, and that 67 per cent would favor a court order limiting the number of pickets. A typical comment, according to the story, was: "They have a private life even if they are public servants." An excellent point, which we recommend to anyone in pursuit of civil rights.

General Bor, R I P

"Poland is not dead, while we still live"—the song of the Polish Legions echoed throughout the streets of Warsaw on the morning of August 1, 1944 when General Tadeusz Bor-Komorowski led the citizens of that ancient city against their Nazi oppressors in one of the epic battles of World War II. For 63 days undermanned, poorly equipped Poles fought on against overwhelming odds, while across the Vistula, only a few miles away, the Soviet Army stood, refusing to give even medical aid. In the end the Warsaw patriots were crushed, General Bor was sent to the German prison at Cap Colditz Castle, and Poland was handed over to the Communists.

When General Bor died last week in England, he died as so many of his countrymen before him—in exile, his name anathematized by Poland's Communist jailers, the free Poland for which he fought so strongly still in chains, as if to justify the poet Adam Mickiewicz, beloved by Bor and all Poles, who, despairing for the future of Poland, wrote in 1831 after another unsuccessful revolt:

O Mother Poland, thou that in this hour
Art laid within the grave—what man hath power
To speak of thee today? Whose lips would dare
To boast that they will find that word so rare
That it shall melt marmoreal despair,
And lift the gravestone from the hearts of men,
And unlock eyes that brim wih tears again,
And shall release the frozen tide of tears?
Those lips shall not be found in many years.

—P. P. Witonski

'Cordwainer Smith,' R I P

After I reviewed *Space Lords* by Cordwainer Smith in these pages, I received a most gracious and gratifying letter from the author. He asked me, in closing, not to divulge his real name, and although it is a poorly kept secret, I shall here respect the only thing he ever asked of me.

The man died. Social scientist, soldier, educator, traveler, gentleman, poet—he was a man of many accomplishments, and shall be missed and mourned in all those places on the globe, and in libraries and minds and hearts where he stood tall.

The part of him, however, called Cordwainer Smith, created Norstrilia, a planet peopled by tough and individualistic and intensely human beings; and the special magic and power of Norstrilia was that it could confer immortality upon men. And lo, Norstrilia, his own product, has done the same for him, and as long as reading is done and there are readers susceptible to the scope and strength and beauty of large and generous minds, Cordwainer Smith will be alive.

—T. Sturgeon

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The High Cost of the Minimum Wage

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

The Senate and the House of Representatives are now agreed on the terms of the new minimum wage law —the Senate, which had pleaded for the more demagogic of the two proposals, won out, with the help of Lyndon Johnson. The result is that we shall have a new minimum wage of $1.60 per hour beginning on February 1, 1968, not February 1, 1969 as originally proposed by the House of Representatives. It is all grist for the election mill, and the pity of it is that so many people continue to defend the minimum wage idea as a humanitarian concept.

Buckley

Which, as it happens, the minimum wage simply is not. If there is a reputable economist in the United States who defends the minimum wage law in terms of its pretended benefits for the poor, he has yet to surface. The minimum wage law is an instrument by which the middle class worker, precisely at the expense of the poor, effects a redistribution of income to his benefit.

The theory of the thing is not all that unfathomable. Obviously if, by government fiat, one could set the effective wage floor, it would require nothing more than a philanthropic twitch by Congress to make us all well off. Even those who root for the minimum wage know, in their heart of hearts, that the idea is pretty fragile—else why not decree a minimum wage of, say, ten dollars per hour? Instinctively we know that should a madcap Congress pass such a law, the result would be a combination of unemployment and inflation that would bring the United States to its knees.

What hasn't been publicly meditated, by for instance Lyndon Johnson or, for all one can tell—and here is the real delinquency—his Council of Economic Advisers, is the actual result of raises in the minimum wage; and one can only hope that, in the few hours left before the Congress ratifies the new measure, someone will bring to the attention of the legislators the basic facts of economic life.

Professor Yale Brozen of the University of Chicago has published a study on artificial wage rates in the current issue of the *New Individualist Review* (Ida Noyes Hall, U. of Chicago, Zip 60637) in which he estimates that 10 per cent of the labor force of the United States receives wage rates about 15 per cent higher than it would "in the absence of wage laws and governmental support of trade unions." The result, the professor deduces, "is that 90 per cent of the U.S. labor force receives wage rates about 5 per cent lower than they could otherwise obtain."

Mr. Brozen goes on to give a number of illustrations, among them that of Michigan during the 1950s. Between 1954 and 1958, Mr. Brozen records, 85,000 more jobs were lost in Michigan in the transportation industry than in four other East North Central States — (Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois). In 1954, Michigan employed 41,000 more workers in transportation equipment manufacturing than the other four states. In 1958 it employed 44,000 fewer workers in the industry than the other states. Michigan became a depressed area, in employment terms, largely because employment costs increased so drastically in its major industry—due to unnatural wage increases.

In Chicago, Mr. Brozen points out, there is the problem of the adolescent school drop-out, what to do with him, to divert his attention from such professions as rioting, and vandalism. "Many of them used to be employed as elevator operators at $1.00 to $1.25 an hour. The elevator operators union has succeeded in imposing a minimum wage of $2.50 an hour for operators in downtown Chicago buildings. The result is that owners of buildings have found it economical to spend $30,000 per elevator to automate their lifts and make them self-operating. . . . The result is elevator automation, no jobs for elevator operators, and a policing problem of unskilled teen-agers which is getting out of hand."

Labor Unions Will Benefit

Mr. Brozen quotes scornfully from a statement by the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Scornfully because the Council fails to show the courage to advocate national policies congruent with its own recommendations. Said the Council recently: "The conditions of insecurity and hopelessness that characterize the lives of many unemployed young people threaten their acceptance of traditional American ideals. What they need and cannot find are jobs. Given jobs, many of them will make a successful transition into the adult world and a useful contribution to the nation's strength. Without jobs, continuing moral degeneration is inevitable."

One worries about the moral degeneration of the young people; but also about the moral degeneration of our legislators who, in the name of relieving the poor, are preparing to adopt laws which will hurt the poor by increasing unemployment. Who will benefit? The labor unions that cater to workers who earn twice or thrice the minimum wage, who make more automated elevators, wresting higher rates from automated plants. It is a paradox at several levels, considering that the identical skilled workers are then taxed to pay money to the wretched few who are unemployed as the result of the successful exertions of their union leaders, and their agents in Congress.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Laid on the Line

It is my guess that General Nathan F. Twining wrote his own book (*Neither Liberty Nor Safety*, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6), and this makes it very nearly unique. You just don't feel the sanitizing touch of the usual ghostly hand. It reads the way you would expect books by retired top echelon professional soldiers to read, though they seldom do: an item-by-item rather than organic structure; the style a combination of military estimate, bureaucratic memorandum and Officers Club talk, often stilted but blunt and sometimes imperious; a confident expertise. Since General Twining served not only as chief of the Air Force but, from 1957-60, as chairman of the Joint Chiefs, his expertise covers national policy as well as all things military. General Twining lays it on the line.

Burnham

What results is an informed, harshly reasoned, inside account of the cold war that—as it happens—parallels, supports and notably reinforces the account most of us who write on these matters in NATIONAL REVIEW have given over the years. General Twining takes Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Mao and Lin seriously. He is therefore a hard anti-Communist, and a hard critic of the illusions of coexistence, appeasement, pacifism, disarmament and UNophilia. As a soldier within the American system he accepted the supremacy of the civil arm, and strove to adapt the military establishment to the directives laid down by the civil magistrates. But he does not hide his dissatisfaction with many of those directives, beginning with the National Security Council document (NSC-68) of April 1950 that first articulated the policy of containment.

Here is the Twining chronological outline of the cold war cycles:

"1945-1949. The incredible years during which we lost the reins of peace, permitted our military posture to decline, and returned to a happy lethargy.

"1950-1960. We recognized the Communist threat, searched for a new theory of strategy, and actually developed the power base necessary to place that strategy into operation.

"1960-1964 (and possibly extending some time into the future). A period during which a startling belief developed at high levels of government that the Russian Bear had become a fun-loving, happily domesticated beast; that peaceful coexistence was desired by the USSR; and consequently, that we must search for a means of disarming."

The Kennedy Kult

No one else has mounted so devastating an attack on the Kennedy Administration. On every issue of military policy he rakes the JFK line with a combination of concise military reasoning and scorn. For example, "Escalation": "Some young political and military sophists, steeped in textbook analysis . . . developed an almost violently paranoid attitude toward the subjects of escalation, proliferation, and the firebreak theory. . . . The specific danger in the practice of the theory of controlling escalation lies in the accommodations which the government seems inevitably to make in attempting to prevent the expansion of military operations into larger dimensions. We have had a consistent tendency to vacillate, compromise, and lose a little ground —a piece at a time—because of the fear of escalation." Or "The Firebreak Theory": "Those who advocate the firebreak theory hold that there is a political 'firebreak' between the use of conventional munitions and the use of even one small tactical nuclear weapon—that [the latter], anywhere in the world, would escalate into general nuclear war. This theory has seemed to most military realists as founded purely on a fear psychosis. . . . We might question the basic morality of the decision to withhold our best weapons while sending our young men to die in hand-to-hand combat on terms dictated by an enemy."

Though he is softer-toned toward his old comrade and commander, General Twining does not omit him from the indictment: "Objectivity requires that I recognize that these Kennedy policies had their roots during the later years of the Eisenhower Administration. Some few energetic intellectual malcontents were making progress . . . in undermining the resolution of this great nation. . . . This erosion accounts, in my judgment, for the three-year uninspected nuclear test ban moratorium. . ., for the emphasis of the U.S. space program on 'space for peaceful purposes,' and for the possibly suicidal activities of the now institutionalized Disarmament Agency."

An Old-Fashioned American

I do not want to give the impression that *Neither Liberty Nor Safety* is all argumentative tongue-lashing from a choleric old soldier. There is a great deal of information in this book, much of it fresh and some of it surprising. (I do not recall having seen elsewhere in print—to cite one instance—the story of Gen. Muir S. Fairchild's recommendation, at the end of 1943—for which he was fired—to stop Lend-Lease to the Soviet Union, on the grounds that a) the outcome of the war was by then determined, b) the Soviet Union was not a true ally, and c) Soviet postwar objectives could not be trusted.) There is much thoughtful analysis of the novel problems that the wars, revolutions and technology of our epoch have posed.

General Twining does not pretend to write with Olympian detachment. He knows what he is, and states it frankly. "Mine is a military perspective—it was my life and career for 44 years. . . . As an old-fashioned American, I am compelled to view the current trends of national security organization and plans with some apprehension."

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FALL 1966

Freeman's Guide to Unsatisfactory People

I present on these pages a list of prominent people.

I think you will find them all unsatisfactory.

They are for your fall reading displeasure, after your vacation.

How, you ask incredulously, was I able to distill so limited a list from so long a register of men and women in our public life who have pressed worthy claims to a place thereon? You'll never know. My criteria are wholly arbitrary, and unavailable for inspection, and my decisions final. I do supply a few hints.

Neal B. Freeman

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1 Bettina Aptheker
Anybody who loves children and dogs, and is a Communist, is probably all bad.

2 Bishop James Pike
who, espying a vision on the way to Pasadena, shucked off his clerical robes to pursue a higher calling at the right hand of Robert Hutchins.

3 Robert Price
is John Lindsay, which is enough to qualify anybody for this list. Coincidentally, he is Bob Price, which, in a marginal case, would suffice.

4 Eric Javits
the Senator's nephew, is a chip off the old block, only younger, and that's bad.

5 Arnold Forster
whose every activity we are watching very, very closely.

6 Theodore Kupferman
Congressman from New York's silk-stocking district, is making good on his promise to be another Lindsay.

7 Bruce Chapman
late of the late *Herald Tribune,* has associated himself publicly with George Gilder and has for several years collaborated openly with the Ripon Society.

8 Craig Truax
seeks to ideologize the Young Republicans leftward, in which attempt he has incurred the displeasure of *NR* Publisher William Rusher, and approximately 27 million other people.

9 Mrs. Harold Wilson
writes bad poetry for *Izvestia,* which is the most anti-Communist thing any Wilson has done for years.

10 James Boyd
was compelled by his sense of duty to steal 4,000 documents from his boss and pass them to the relevant law enforcement agency, Drew Pearson.

11 Drew Pearson

12 Robert Vaughn
is the Vietnik from U.N.C.L.E. who is accepting more and more political roles.

13 Shelley Winters
Always.

14 Benjamin Epstein
who to this day knows nothing of the dossier kept on him by Forster.

15 William Fulbright
In actual clinical tests, under the strictest laboratory conditions, it has been determined that, pound for pound, William Fulbright delivers the sharpest pain in the behind.

16 Thomas Kuchel
who has managed to parlay his relatively insignificant post as Senate Minority Whip into political obscurity.

17 Juan Bosch
who undertook a stirring charge up San Juan Hill while his people were fighting in Santo Domingo.

18 Robert Goulet
blew the lines to the *Star Spangled Banner* at a professional prizefight.

19 James Farmer or
20 Sargent Shriver
–6-5, pick 'em.

21 Dr. Timothy Leary
professor and impresario of psychedelic revels, who wrote a thesis on LSD called, "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out."

22 Sol Hurok
whose lucrative deals behind the Iron Curtain have made his name synonymous with Culture and International Understanding.

23 Virginia Masters & W. H. Johnson, authors of *Human Sexual Response,* who are married, but not to each other.

24 John Gronouski
U.S. Ambassador to Poland. When the Poles say to him, "God bless America," he winces in case Gomulka is looking.

25 David Susskind
managed to lose twice a single debate with William F. Buckley Jr., the second time when (on the Merv Griffin Show) he recounted his half of the debate *in vacuo.*

26 Jimmy Breslin
who will be unsatisfactory the next time someone agrees to publish him.

27 William Fitts Ryan
of which Theodore Kupferman may eventually become another, if his present inertia carries him on past Lindsay.

28 Alex Quaison-Sackey
about whose name there is something intrinsically unsatisfactory. Would *you* believe Ellsworth Bunker?

29 Mark Hatfield
recently cast the single dove vote at the Governors' Conference, proving thereby that he is still alive, if asleep.

30 Joseph E. Levine
movie producer, for his latest picture, whatever it was.

31 Anyone
who has ever been associated in any way whatsoever with *Ramparts* Magazine. Understand, this is a blanket, McCarthyite smear.

32 Edward Koch
Anybody who can beat Carmine DeSapio three times in a row and remain nameless has *got* to be unsatisfactory.

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Bounty of the Eastern Shore

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

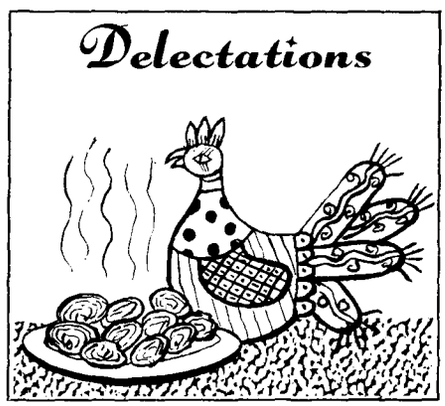
The most vivid memory of a trip to a chicken festival on the Eastern Shore of Maryland is of a chicken shed, where thousands and thousands and thousands of red hens sat daintily in the sawdust when they were not laying in appropriate cubicles. Filtered sunlight streaked into the shed, illuminating the lady hens (for they definitely were ladies). They were there to produce fertilized eggs for one of the local multi-million-dollar, egg - through - market - ready chicken enterprises. The whole scene was reminiscent of a peaceful harem. Had it not been for the abominable smell of live chickens, however clean they are kept, I would have moved right in with them for a gentle life with a simple purpose.

The Delmarva Peninsula, composed of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia on the other side of Chesapeake Bay, is the heartland of U.S. broiler-fryer production. It began in 1934, and since then the region has produced about 13½ billion pounds of chicken in the greatest concentration of poultry farms, poultry processors, feed mills and research stations in the world.

To get more than a billion pounds of chicken meat moving through the nation, the industry holds an annual National Cooking Contest coupled with such nice fringe benefits as a local beauty queen and a parade. The Festival takes its turn in the various cities of the Peninsula; this year, it was held in Pocomoke City, a small place with pretty houses and most hospitable and rather sophisticated people. It was a lot of fun, any way I looked at it. For three days, 242 contesting chicken c ›ks broiled, roasted and barbecued some 300 new chicken dishes. These were judged by a number of newspaper and magazine food editors, women of integrity, sound judgment as to the nature of popular tastes (the Festival gets a lot of national publicity), and a willingness to let down their hair after work.

The recipes are judged in strict privacy for palatability, appearance, originality, clarity, ease of preparation and suitability. Some of them are good, some are terrible. Almost all of them are gussied up like mad with wine, fruits, herbs, spices and what-not. A thirteen-year-old girl produced an "East India Company Chicken" and an Air Force training specialist barbecued his chicken with white wine, soy sauce and added seasonings. All the recipes were cooked by home folks, from the appearance of them, and it was clear that good, old-fashioned plain cooking is a thing of the past.

I duly admired the contestants in the high school auditorium, as well as the world's largest frying pan outside it. I was surprised at the number of large truck-driver type men whipping up dainty dishes of chicken, and at the number of contest pros, often husband and wife teams, who make it almost a business to win at



the various recipe contests that go on constantly. Since I didn't have to judge, I had myself a grand tour of the chicken industry as represented by the Otis Esham empire. Otis Esham started it all by himself and ended up a millionaire.

The scope of it all, from fertilized eggs through chicks through adolescent chickens thrc ·gh evisceration and packing, left me breathless. Oh, the mechanization and the cleanliness of the whole process! And nary an odor in a factory where thousands of chickens are killed and made ready for the market; (though it was something of a leg up for the underdog, or rather underchicken, to see that when alive there is no way of making them smell like flowers). Somehow, I found it impossible to think of the many thousands of birds I saw in any way as a crop, a well-treated one for sure, but still as impersonal as a vegetable. I can't love a chick as I can love a calf, and so my mind dwelt on the astonishing ways of the industry. For instance, the feet and probably between 50 and 75 per cent of the feathers are processed and used as a protein in poultry and livestock feeds both here and abroad.

There is no greater hospitality than Eastern Shore hospitality. We had a grand picnic supper on the banks of the dark green, swift and deep Pocomoke River that runs mysteriously through thick woods. The church supper and the Presbyterian Church of Rehoboth remain in my mind, the latter a ravishing, perfectly restored eighteenth-century building in the depth of the country. The girls in the beauty pageant reassured all who admire prettiness, health and manners, and the Pocomoke City Parade, a local, non-commercial affair, was the greatest fun of it all, bar Mr. Esham's lady hens.

Hospitality on a similar scale, with the governor's yacht, a magnificent liquid cruise on Chesapeake Bay, and various grand dinners, was dispensed a few weeks later in Annapolis, in honor of the first Soft Shell Clams Festival. Soft shell clams are not naked clams caught in the twenty undressed minutes between shedding shells, like crabs, but a species with a shell that is brittle enough to crush in one hand. Chesapeake Bay teems with them, but since clams are caught at low tide, and since the Bay tides are infinitesimal, the clams stayed in their sand until the invention in 1951 of a special dredge that made commercial exploitation possible. Now Maryland exports them to New England, Long Island and wherever clams are steamed, fried, made into chowders and so on. They are excellent, juicy and tender.

The bash was made even more splendid by a host of gallant gentlemen headed by Governor J. Millard Tawes, Gordon Hallock, marketing coordinator for Maryland's Natural Resources Institute and State Senator Edward T. Hall. The charming manners of Southern gentlemen are irresistible to me, but unfortunately, I am past the age when it would be seemly for me to make a play. Thus

(Continued on p. 951)

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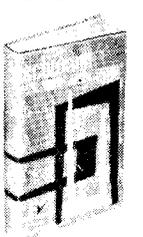

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Imperial Britain, R I P

The British Colonial Office is now officially dead, Mr. Brogan notices; and notices, too, that the former colonies are not yet arrived at eudaemonia

COLM BROGAN

August 1st, 1966 is a date to be marked in the calendar of anyone who likes to trace the decline and fall of the West. For on that day the British Colonial Office was closed. Its last public act was to issue a document on the state of affairs in Tristan da Cunha. Was there a touch of historical irony in this method of pulling down the blinds?

It may be asked what happened to the Secretary of State for the Colonies whose seat has been pulled from under him. Nothing at all has happened to him. I have forgotten his name, if I ever knew it, but he is still there, and still Secretary of State for the Colonies though the office has disappeared. Remember this is Britain, where we take care to do everything by halves, whenever we get around to doing anything at all.

The functions of the old Colonial Office are now being undertaken by the Commonwealth Relations Office, which has dropped the word "relations" from its title. Considering the things that President Nyerere and President Kaunda are saying about us, our relations with the Commonwealth don't bear mentioning at the moment.

Fragmented Commonwealth

There is still something to do. Some American (Stevenson? Harriman? One of those chaps) said that Britain had lost an Empire but not yet found a role. If only that were true! We have discarded chunks of the earth bigger than Imperial Caesar ever knew, but we are left with bits and pieces that stick as stubbornly and irritatingly as glue on the fingertips or a spot of marmalade on the neckband of a collar. There are 31 bits left, and although we are getting rid of some of these like a housewife hastily clearing out a cupboard there are still others that we cannot possibly get rid of, not even in a United Nations jumble sale. They cannot survive by themselves and nobody will take them from us. It is a sad enough end to a great story.

And it was a great story, whatever shallow, sneering, cheap progressives, and Americans, may say. The Colonial Office was founded in 1854, when the Empire was already big business. It could hardly compete with the India Office in attracting the brightest intellects. India, "the brightest jewel in the Empire's crown," offered more glittering opportunities than, say, the Falkland Islands or the white man's grave in Africa. There were no hill stations in the steaming jungles of the Niger basin and opportunities for polo were few. Unlike the India Office, the Colonial Office produced no family aristocracies of intellect.

On the other hand, the colonial service offered great opportunities to a man who had courage, practical common sense, versatility, initiative and enterprise. Sometimes the opportunities were startling. An Irishman who gave up hope of the Indian Civil Service when he got a Second in Trinity College, Dublin, found himself in charge of a British territory in Africa in 1914. He was on the friendliest terms with the ruler of the neighboring German territory and often went over for a drink and a social get-together. The German was not more than mildly surprised when his British colleague arrived one day with a small company of troops, but was quite taken aback when that colleague took him prisoner, ran up the Union Jack and took over the territory in the name of the King. He had got early word that Britain and Germany were at war. This is surely an example of a bit of Empire acquired in a fit of presence of mind.

It was not given to many to acquire a title so quickly as that, and many acquired nothing more than a very early obituary in their old school magazine. Tropical Africa provided the toughest assignments, especially in the nineteenth century when the territory was being opened up. A district officer had to be a man of many parts. He need some elementary knowledge of medicine, perhaps including some surgery, a sure aim with an elephant gun and a knack with a dugout canoe. He had to be wary of crocs that could snap a leg off, and of insects that could give him any one of a dozen spectacular diseases. And there were snakes, those that might be lurking in crevices or even in his bed, and others of surrealistic shape and color that were the occasional product of *delerium tremens*, this affliction befalling those who learned not only the value of a sundowner, but also of a sunupper, not to mention a midday special.

Hard-Won Progress

Then there were the natives. Acquiring a sufficient grasp of dialects did not of itself give any sure guide through the dark strange forest of the African mind. Cannibalism, ritual murder and strange moonlit rites in the heart of the forest presented the young district officer with professional problems that were perhaps not fully comprehended by his school contemporaries who had taken up law or accountancy and gave gentlemanly baritone renderings of popular ballads to win the approval of fond mammas who were looking for "eligibles" for their rosy-cheeked daughters. (In Southern Sudan fond mammas slit the mouths of their daughters to make them ineligible when the slave raiders came over the mountains from Abyssinia.) Even a contemporary who had joined the Inland Revenue Service had no great reason to fear that a dissatisfied taxpayer would bribe a servant to poison his soup or hire a team of witch doctors to terrify him into withdrawing a tax demand.

Still, the men who joined the colonial service had quite a good idea

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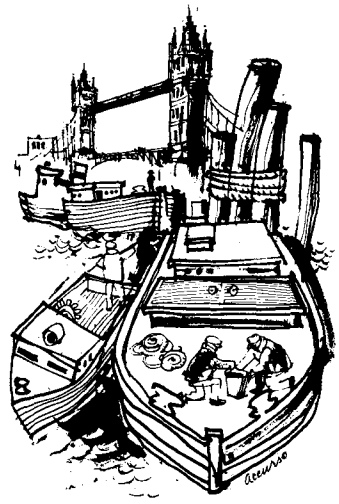
of the life they were taking on. They did not imagine that the music the jungle drums played would bear much resemblance to "Come into the Garden, Maud," and whatever small illusions they brought out with them soon disappeared in the tropical sun. The judge who had to punish wrongdoers and settle disputes might have to make up his own law as he went along and due process was whatever came to mind. After all, there was not much help to be had from defendants or litigants who were by no means sure of the difference between animal, vegetable and mineral and had a strong suspicion that an enemy might have the power to turn them into crocodiles or himself into an innocent-seeming palm tree. To such people, the difference between the true and false was not merely without importance, but also without meaning, and in simpler days it often happened that the complexities of a tribal or inter-family dispute were settled by a well-judged and swiftly applied kick in the behind.

Progress was made. Roads were hacked out of the jungle, harbors were cleared and the natives saw houses more permanent than ant heaps. Cannibalism, slave-raiding and tribal genocide were repressed, if not suppressed. A primitive material and social infrastructure was painfully created. The generation of men who gave their lives to this work got precious little thanks or even recognition. India had its Kipling and, later, the pompous pretentiousness of E.M. Forster, but Africa had to make do with Edward Wallace in *Sanders of the River*. Somerset Maugham touched on the colonial service now and again, but only at the base, so to speak, where he could sit in a club sipping a drink and eavesdropping on scandal. Not for The Master, the literal hot spots where the flies were clustered as thick as bunches of grapes, and men eager for knowledge and the power that it brings would crack open the skull of a learned man and acquire a quick education by eating his brains.

Of course, there were more orthodox courses of instruction. At first the Africans were highly unwilling to have their children in schools wasting their time making idle squiggles on bits of paper, but in time the good message got through. There were jobs to be had, jobs that would give the more or less educated African money, fancy suits and a permanent escape from the need to soil his hands with anything except the taking of bribes. The Africans discovered the green pastures of bureaucracy.

That was inevitable, but the truly momentous step was the discovery of politics. In this they were aided by Americans, a people that the Colonial Office had never regarded with any cordiality of feeling. In fact, the antipathy was much older than the Colonial Office itself. Charles II had put the British overseas under the care of a committee of the Privy Council. The West Indian islands were the main concern of the committee, for these were valuable properties indeed, providing huge fortunes, not only for merchants but also for aristocratic families, and giving no particular trouble, for it was much in the interest of the great plantation owners and their hangers-on to maintain sweet relations with the home government. It was far different with the settlements on the North American mainland. There were families there, offshoots of the minor English gentry who were a good deal too big for their boots, and in some of the colonies there was a high proportion of soreheads, the offspring of canting Dissenters and other malcontents. They established universities, wrote books and indulged in other subversive activities. The best minds had long feared that no good could come of such people as these, and in 1776 the worst happened. A number of men gathered together to issue a declaration of independence, a document for which there is almost nothing to be said. It would have been a pleasure to hear Thomas Hobbes, Charles II's tutor, asking a few questions about the truths that were held to be self-evident, but Hobbes took a severely practical view of sovereignty and he would have been quick enough to see that however weak the philosophy of men like Washington might be, they were likely to get the better of the argument when it came to firing guns. Unfortunately, the mischief of the declaration did not end with the achievement of independence.



Americans were bred, generation after generation, in the belief that their own local and highly idiosyncratic revolution was fated to be an example and inspiration for all subjected mankind. This delusion did no particular harm until, in the course of human events, Americans grew rich and strong and began to throw their weight and their money about. They began to look around them to discover nations rightly struggling to be free, and they concluded that the British Empire was full of nothing else but. It was considered that Indian outcasts who dare not let their shadow fall on a brahmin, and who would likely die in the open street where they had been born, needed nothing so much as liberation from the British Raj. Then came Africa. Young Africans, nutured by American mission schools and sometimes in American universities, were taken as examples of what all Africans could be like if only the grip of colonialism could be broken. The principles of the Declaration of Independence had to be taught in English because there were no words in any African language for the concepts embodied in the Declaration and suchlike lofty documents. It did not occur to the spiritual children of Eleanor Roosevelt (even of Mark Twain) that it was possible to master the words without mastering the concepts they embodied.

This was something that had readily occurred to the colonialists sweating in the jungle grassroots. They looked at the emergent politicians and failed to see any convincing resemblance to Benjamin Franklin. They found it hard to believe that fashionable progressive story that the exploiting whites had destroyed an imposing African civilization of which, by some malignant chance, no vestige remained. They found it hard to believe Dr. Nkrumah when he said that the philosophers of Ancient Greece

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flocked to Ghana to study at the feet of their African masters. If the good doctor had lasted a little longer I have no doubt that he would have distributed colored lithographs of "An African Chief Presenting the Bible to Queen Victoria."

It would be wrong to pretend that Americans played the sole or even the major part in creating the present situation. Marx said that history always repeats itself, first as tragedy and then as farce. In Africa we have the farce and tragedy simultaneously. Our own do-gooders and fatheaded politicians must bear their full share of responsibility for this happy state of affairs, but the retired colonialist exploiter, nursing what remains of his living in Cheltenham Spa, wants to ask Americans, "Why didn't you mind your own damned business?"

The question is now of merely historical importance, for very soon we shall have almost nothing left to exploit. In a few months, the African protectorates will become independent, hoisting a national flag, singing a national anthem, accepting a national handout and remaining economic dependencies of Dr. Verwoerd's Republic. Across the Atlantic, Guyana and Barbados have, and will become independent. Argentina is violently claiming the Falkland Islands and, if she gets them, they will be known as the Malvinias, which will, of course make all the difference in the world to the inhabitants. Spain wants Gibraltar and no doubt she will get it, tactfully wrapped up. Of course, there is Rhodesia, which is a bit awkward. Rhodesia was never at any time run by the Colonial Office, but all rightminded people are insisting that it must be run by the Colonial Office now, even though there isn't an Office any longer. Even the right thinkers are beginning to worry about how long it will be before sanctions force Ian Smith's government back into the Commonwealth. This is a question that will resolve itself. If Smith hangs on for a year or two more, there won't be any Commonwealth left to force him back into.

Of course, there is still Tristan da Cunha, and there are the sheikdoms of the Trucial Coast which used to be known tactlessly as the Pirate Coast. As we are pulling out of Aden it is not easy to see how we can go on protecting the sheiks. One of them was disposed of a few days ago, because he was against Progress. Ruling a population of 20,000 he had an income from oil of £30 million a year. He got this money in bank notes which he stored away under his bed, in petrol tins and other receptacles, until he discovered that a good swatch of his money had been nibbled by fish. I ask you, *fish*. Mice, we could all understand. That could happen to anybody who had £30 million a year to put away somewhere. But fish. I haven't slept since I heard of this. *Where had he put that money?* No doubt the answer is hidden in the Colonial Office. But the Colonial Office is closed. Sic transit.

"How wonderful to discover a place on the face of the earth not yet spoiled by us."

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SHOULD WE ALSO FLOOD THE SISTINE CHAPEL SO TOURISTS CAN GET NEARER THE CEILING?

EARTH began four billion years ago and Man two million. The Age of Technology, on the other hand, is hardly a hundred years old, and on our time chart ve have been generous to give it even the little line we have.

It seems to us hasty, therefore, during this blip of time, for Man to think of directing his fascinating new tools toward ltering irrevocably the forces which made him. Nonetheless, n these few brief years among four billion, wilderness has ll but disappeared. And now these:

) There is a bill in Congress to "improve" Grand Canyon. Two dams will back up artificial lakes into 148 miles of canyon gorge. This will benefit tourists in power boats, it is argued, who will enjoy viewing the canyon wall more closely. (See headline). Submerged underneath the tourists will be part of the most revealing single page of earth's history. The lakes will be as deep as 600 feet (deeper for example, than all but a handful of New York buildings are high) but in a century, silting will have replaced the water with that much mud, wall to wall.

There is no part of the wild Colorado River, the Grand Canyon's sculptor, that will not be maimed.

Tourist recreation, as a reason for the dams, is in fact an afterthought. The Bureau of Reclamation, which backs them, prefers to call the dams "cash registers." They are expected to make money by sale of commercial power.

They will not provide anyone with water.

2) In Northern California, four lumber companies are about to complete logging the private virgin redwood forests, an operation which to give you an idea of its size, has taken fifty years.

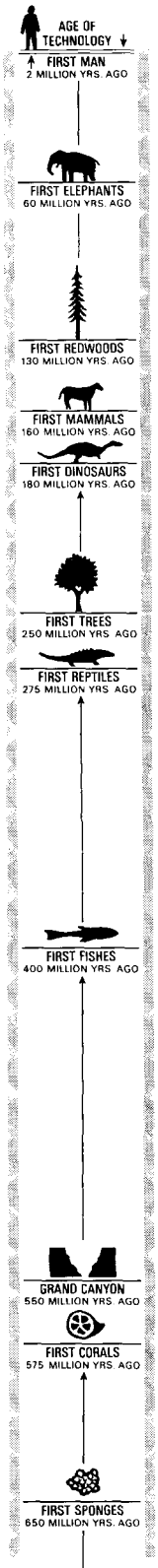
Soon, where nature's tallest living things have stood silently since the age of the dinosaurs, the extent of the cutting will make creation of a redwood national park absurd.

The companies have said tourists want only enough roadside trees for the snapping of photos. They offer to spare trees for this purpose, and not much more. The result will remind you of the places on your face you missed while you were shaving.

3) And up the Hudson, there are plans for a power complex —a plant, transmission lines, and a reservoir on top of Storm King Mountain—destroying one of the last wild and high and beautiful spots near New York City.

4) A proposal to flood a region in Alaska as large as Lake Erie would eliminate at once the breeding grounds of more wildlife than conservationists have preserved in history.

5) In San Francisco, real estate developers are day by day filling a bay that made the city famous, putting tract houses over the fill; and now there's a new idea—still more fill, enough for an air cargo terminal as big as Manhattan.



There exists today a mentality which can conceive such destruction, giving commerce as ample reason. For 74 years, the 40,000 member Sierra Club has opposed that mentality. But now, when even Grand Canyon can be threatened, we are at a critical moment in time.

This generation will decide if something untrammelled and free remains, as testimony we had love for those who follow.

We have been taking ads, therefore, asking people to write their Congressmen and Senators; Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; The President; and to send us funds to continue the battle. Thousands *have* written, but meanwhile, the Grand Canyon legislation has advanced out of committee and is at a crucial stage in Congress. More letters are needed and more money, to help fight a mentality that may decide Man no longer needs nature.*

David Brower, Executive Director
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco

- ☐ Please send me more details on how I may help.
- ☐ Here is a donation of $_____ to continue your effort to keep the public informed.
- ☐ Send me "Time and the River Flowing," famous four color book which tells the complete story of Grand Canyon, and why T. Roosevelt said, "leave it as it is." ($25.00)
- ☐ Send me "The Last Redwoods" which tells the complete story of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the redwoods. ($17.50)
- ☐ I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is $14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

*The previous ads, urging that readers exercise a constitutional right of petition, to save Grand Canyon, produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service threatening our tax deductible status. IRS says the ads may be a "substantial" effort to "influence legislation." Undefined, these terms leave organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim. (The question has not been raised with any organizations that favor Grand Canyon dams.) So we cannot now promise that contributions you send us are deductible—pending results of what may be a long legal battle.

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who, like Thoreau, believe "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas. There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York (Biltmore Hotel), Washington (Dupont Circle Building), Los Angeles (Auditorium Building), Albuquerque, Seattle, and main office in San Francisco.

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The Apples of Wrath

Why import Canadian apple-pickers, said Sec. Wirtz, when we have a reservoir of able-bodied, unemployed men? An apple grower tells what happened next

FRANCIS RUSSELL

From the top of Boston's new forty-story Prudential Building on a clear day one can easily see the nippled crest of Mount Wachusett forty miles away on the northwest horizon. Lying in between, in the still-rural area beyond the spreading suburbs and the new industries along Route 128 is the Nashoba Valley, the apple-growing region of Massachusetts. It is an apple-conscious countryside. Each spring an apple blossom festival is held there and a Nashoba Valley queen chosen. Over a million bushels are harvested each autumn, and many local industries from warehouses to box manufacturers and suppliers are dependent the year round on the apple crop. Like all farming today apple growing has become more and more a technical process. The trees must be sprayed over a dozen times during the growing season. There are even hormone solutions to keep the fruit from falling off. And there are new varieties of trees. Apple growing requires a large capital investment, much complicated equipment. Yet the whole industry is sustained by one simple and elemental fact: the apples have to be picked. The picking season lasts about a month, with an additional fringe week at either end.

Harvesters Not Exploited

Until World War II there were always local people from the cities and towns of the valley region glad to work at picking apples. Year after year they would come back to the same farm. And always there was the willing part-time help of high school boys. But after World War II such supplies of casual labor melted away. To fill the gap one of the Nashoba Valley farmers had a grower friend in Canada engage a few skilled pickers for him. Then with each year more and more Canadians began to come down for the apple-picking season. Mostly they came from rural Quebec and Nova Scotia, rugged farming people glad of a month's work at the higher American rate of pay. Working from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon they could and did make thirty-five or forty dollars a day. They lived in bunkhouses and paid a regulated $2.25 daily for their board. The accommodations were decent, supervised, the food was good. There were no provisions for families.

Within the last few years about four hundred Canadians have come annually to Massachusetts for the apple harvest. Assisted by some part-time local help they have been sufficient to gather the crop. They were not braceros and they were not exploited. Often they went back to Canada with over a thousand dollars in their pockets for doing work that Americans no longer wanted to do. But out of the clear summer sky just before picking time last year, Secretary of Labor Wirtz ruled that there were to be no more foreign apple pickers in New England orchards.

On paper it sounded reasonable enough. There were some thousands of ablebodied but idle men receiving their weekly unemployment checks from the Massachusetts Employment Security Division, plus some hundreds of school drop-outs getting their thirty or forty dollars a week from the Neighborhood Youth Corps. Why bring men from Canada with so many local hands available? Use your own labor pool first, was Secretary Wirtz's reply to the apple-growers. Whether that pool consisted of able and willing hands was a matter beyond the Secretary's consideration.

I spent an evening with William Doe, the quiet-spoken man who is the president of the New England Apple Council. He is the owner of Hawbuck Orchard in Harvard—a rural town named after but not connected with the University, where Bronson Alcott once established his misnamed New Eden. Doe lives in an eighteenth-century farmhouse next to the vast barn complex that contains his offices, apple storage bins and processing plant. His orchards bear about 150,000 bushels a year, mostly McIntosh and Delicious. Last year because of his trouble getting pickers, and his troubles with the pickers he did get, he lost between 30,000 and 40,000 bushels on the ground. But for the exceptional good weather and the volunteer part-time help he got from older pickers of other years, he would have lost much more.

Pickers Cause Trouble

Four hundred and fifty Canadian pickers had applied to come to Massachusetts. But the Secretary of Labor was adamant, and only when it became apparent that much of the apple crop would rot on the trees did he belatedly admit 204 Canadians. Another group of 260 supposed pickers came from the state employment service in Boston or the Boston branch of the National Youth Corps. Of the latter group about one in ten turned out to be a willing worker. The others were unmotivated and indifferent, alcoholics, psychopathic personalities, drifters, troublemakers. Many of the Youth Corps boys, often poor physical specimens, were bewildered at being taken from the city streets to the orchards, and resented being put to work.

Doe let me borrow his daily notes, the record of his frustrations from the first day of the McIntosh harvest, from which I made the following extracts:

September 7

Of the 47 picking today, 21 did not earn the minimum of $1.30 [which was nevertheless paid them]. The only bright spot in today's activities

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was the fact that three old-time pickers were able to get away from their regular jobs and join us.

September 8

This morning we added sixteen men from Boston from the Employment Service. At the end of the day there were fifteen men we could not keep. These were not all from the Boston group. Mr. Walter Bober of the Massachusetts Employment Security Office was present to explain what was being done to help the growers. I would like to point out that the Employment Office has done a tremendous job recruiting pickers. They have also hunted up weekend pickers and it is heartwarming to see the response of the general public to this plea for help. Mr. Bober pointed out that we, Hawbuck Orchards, are treading on thin ice by sending back five of the sixteen men who came this morning. He said we should give these men two to three days of training plus a week's trial before making a decision like this. I must point out the fallacy of this thinking. This is a total of eight to ten days and we are dealing with a twenty-day harvest. We cannot try a man for this length of time before we hire someone else who may be better. The men who came yesterday picked fifteen to ten bushels for the day and two of them bruised at least half of what they had picked beyond salvage. One man broke two ladders. We had a GI who had been overseas for two years, had not picked apples during this time, and walked right in and picked ninety bushels.

September 12

This morning we got off to a poor start with thirteen men from the bunkhouse not showing up on the job, either deciding to take the day off or with colds or drinking. They are not picking up to even the minimum wage.

September 14

Today we were blessed with the arrival of ten Micmac Indians and two more will arrive tonight. They have never picked apples before, but their attitude is great; they want to work and earn money and will be an addition to our crew. We will hope that with the Canadians and a few loyal local people we can hold the force to eighty men a day and perhaps reach our hoped-for quota of 6,500 bushels a day. We have a long way to go.

September 21

This has been another of those harrowing, trying days. I woke up this morning having to fire one man for hitting and knocking out one of the foremen in the bunkhouse. Also one man was taken away in handcuffs by the chief of police in Pepperell for emptying a strong box and robbing a taxi driver. Lost two more men due to alcoholism and another because of living conditions in the bunkhouse where we have had to lower our standards because of these "bottom of the barrel" workers.

September 22

I spoke to two buyers from a supermarket chain in Belgium who would like to import apples from us. We

would naturally like to expand our business in this direction but have no chance unless we have sufficient volume behind us and we are not headed in that direction at this point.

I was horrified to hear first-hand what has been going on on the West Coast, which justified the position of Mr. Wirtz. How many people can we afford to hurt because of injustices there? Personally, I am as anxious as the Department of Labor to see the crop harvested with domestic people and will work in this direction but it is a pretty hopeless task. If this kind of thing goes on many New England growers will have to give up their operations.

(Note by Martha Doe)

Have just finished yesterday's report at 9:00 A.M. The office is now filled with chiefs of police from three towns, and three pickers in a drunken state. Yesterday was payday, many of the men chose to drink up their money, one man was knocked out cold, the bunkhouse was in chaos all night, and this morning money was missing. The thief was caught, and several of the troublemakers shipped back to Boston and two hours of valuable time have gone by. Never in five years of operating our bunkhouse have we had to call the police; this year we've done it several times, and probably should have done it more.

In my wildest dreams I couldn't believe we could have a picking season so chaotic, and so fraught with problems that have nothing to do with the picking of apples. They are, however, the reasons we have apples on the ground instead of in storage. The ones who pick the least day after day are the ones who constantly complain about the trees they are assigned, the weather, the food, the lodging, the pay, and drink up most of their pay. We have even had men returned to us, when we have had to fire them because they couldn't pick. If anyone thinks this is fun, I would suggest he spend a twenty-four-hour period with these men who are sent us, including a night in the bunkhouse.

September 29

The harvest is proceeding well. We are down to three Youth Corps youths, and they are doing a fine job. The major credit goes to their supervisor. The only limiting factor in this whole apple industry is the ability to harvest.

Perhaps an automatic picker will someday eliminate the manpower problem altogether. Apple picking is not easy. It is not a job that appeals to men of the flaccid city type. And since there is not adequate available native help for this essential but temporary harvest, one cannot logically say that anyone is being exploited when foreigners from a poorer community are willing to undertake it under decent conditions at a fair rate of pay. But logic, of course, is not the function of a bureaucracy.

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Special Report

Who Is Behind the Race Riots?

PHILIP A. McCOMBS

Are the race riots planned in advance? Evidence now made public suggests that, to an unknown but wide extent, they are: A grand jury in Cleveland investigating the recent violence there has concluded that it was "organized and exploited [by] trained and disciplined professionals . . . [aided by] misguided people, many of whom are avowed believers in violence and extremism, and some of whom are either members of or officers in the Communist Party."

The grand jury's findings are apparently consistent with the individual observations of members of the House of Representatives, which last month passed an amendment to the Civil Rights Bill of 1966 making it a federal crime for a person using facilities of interstate commerce to incite a riot. William Cramer (R., Fla.), who proposed the amendment, said that it was "the result of evidence which supports the contention that this violence is the work, in part, of well trained, outside agitators who come into these communities for the express purpose of inciting violent civil disobedience." The Civil Rights Bill passed the House 259-157; Cramer's amendment passed along with it, 389-25.

Not So, Says the 'Times'

On the other hand, there are many who firmly believe that the race riots are *not* planned in advance, for example the *New York Times* (July 31, 1966): "If there is any real evidence of a conspiracy behind the riots . . . it remains hidden. . . Six *New York Times* reporters who have witnessed one or more riots around the country were of the unanimous opinion that . . . all the racial explosions observed during the last two years seem to have been spontaneous." Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach seems to agree with this analysis (August 17, 1966, testimony before a Senate subcommittee investigating urban violence): "There is no indication that these riots were planned, controlled or run by extreme left-wing elements."

Someone is clearly mistaken, but who? Consider some of the evidence:

The grand jury in Cleveland turned up: 1) A young newscaster who had joined the local W.E.B. DuBois Club in order to get a feature story and who testified that "as early as November of last year the Marxist-oriented group had planned racial strife in the Hough area [of Cleveland] to further the aims of socialism." 2) A Negro youth who testified that a 200-member gang, the Black Panthers (launched by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), laid plans for fire-bombing, sniping and looting; that he saw bombs being made and attended meetings where violence was planned; and that a similar gang operated in Chicago during the riots there. 3) Lewis G. Robinson, director of the JFK House (Jomo Freedom Kenyatta) in Cleveland's Negro district, who was accused by the grand jury of having "indoctrinated" young people "with his own vigorous philosophy of violence"—i.e. running a "school for fire bombers," as Police Chief Richard R. Wagner called it; and who had "pledged reciprocal support to and with the Communist Party of Ohio." 4) Another JFK House leader who was called "an outright exponent of violence . . . and in command of at least one rifle club."

Apart from the findings of the grand jury, the press has here and there noted that: The Nation of Islam (NOI) has paramilitary groups, called Fruit of Islam (FOI), in almost every mosque. . . . The rifle clubs organized by the late Malcolm X have prospered. . . . The armed Deacons for Defense and Justice have spread to many large cities. . . . Super gangs have also emerged in the cities, the largest of them in Chicago with 1,500 Negro boys armed with bicycle chains, rifles and shotguns as members, and an auxiliary organization of 600 girls. . . . Another such gang is in Harlem with 1,200 members. . . . In Los Angeles, there are 125 street gangs listed as "potentially dangerous" by the police, who report that the gangs have served as spearheads for rioting mobs and are usually the first to smash store windows and throw Molotov cocktails. . . . 13,500 pistols and revolvers were sold in Los Angeles in 1965, but police say that the figure for this year will reach 30,000. . . . Still unrecovered are 19,000 weapons looted by Negroes during the Watts riots, and police have made several raids on caches of high explosives, submachine guns, antitank guns and mortars. . . . In many cities Black Nationalist groups have been observed undergoing armed drill and field exercises. . . . Agitators who fired mobs in Watts were seen doing the same thing in Chicago. . . . Messages to rioters were actually transmitted in code over a Chicago radio station. . . . RAM (Revolutionary Action Movement), with 1,200 members, has been teaching tactics of terror and sabotage in several Northern cities. . . . The Progressive Labor Party (PLP), which split from the American Communist Party in 1961 in order to go pro-Mao, played a "provocative role" in the 1964 Harlem riots, according to the *Worker;* members made fire bombs and maintained concealed arms for use by a special group in terrorist activity.

Training in Terrorism

These facts tend to shed doubt on the assertions of the *Times* and Mr. Katzenbach and to corroborate those of 1) Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, who has claimed that Communists were instrumental in the Watts riots and that "we face urban guerrilla warfare, an absolute plan to burn and sack the city." 2) Cleveland Mayor Ralph Locher, who made a similar claim. 3) Cleveland Safety Director John N. McCormick, who said that "trouble was planned for Cleveland; the pattern here and in other cities is almost identical." 4) Senator Frank J. Lausche (D., Ohio), who charged that a "national conspiracy executed by experts" was responsible for the riots, that the riot pattern "indicated design and organization [with] centrally managed tactics." 5) The Cleveland grand jury, whose final conclusions were very

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specific: "It is no casual happenstance or coincidence that those throwing firebombs, or bricks, or bottles, or pillaging or generally engaged in disorder and lawlessness were in the main young people obviously assigned, trained and disciplined in the roles they were to play . . . nor . . . that the over-all pattern for firebombing and destruction . . . was so highly selective; that the targets were plainly agreed upon; that certain places were identified to be hit; and that certain other places were similarly spared."

But one needn't rely entirely upon press reports or the findings of public officials. Statements by the extremist groups and individuals are themselves revealing:

• Michael Laski, a self-declared member of the Communist Party, said during a press conference a few months ago that "we are leading a proletarian insurrection. . . . We will use violence. . . . The Party is presently engaged in the formation of Peoples Armed Defense groups in the Watts District of Los Angeles. . . . We have been operating and agitating openly in Watts for the past three years."

• Robert Williams, a founder of RAM, wrote in 1964 that "the new concept [of revolution] creates conditions that involve the total community, whether they want to be involved or not. . . . During the hours of the day sporadic rioting takes place and massive sniping. Night brings all-out warfare, organized fighting, and unlimited terror against the oppressor and his forces."

RAM's publication *Black America* has said one of the organization's goals is "to present a revolutionary program of national liberation and self-determination for the African captives enslaved in the racist United States of America," and a RAM pamphlet recently distributed in Northern cities recommends as a suitable "poor man's arsenal" the following: "Gasoline fire bombs (Molotov cocktails), lye or acid bombs (made by injecting lye or acid in the metal end of light bulbs). . . ."

• The Black Nationalist magazine *Liberator* has said: "We must take our cue from revolutionary spokesmen like Nkrumah, the late Franz Fanon, our martyred brother Malcolm X, and China's Mao Tse-tung. . . . The Afro-American community and our fellow sufferers abroad must, at some juncture, resort to the creation of violence and dispensation of pain."

• William Epton, an organizer for the Progressive Labor Party (PLP) in New York, became famous for having shouted in a rally, just an hour before the massive Harlem riots of 1964 broke out, that "[we must] smash this state completely and totally. . . . We're going to have to kill a lot of these cops, a lot of these judges. . . . We'll organize our own militia and our own army."

• A recent issue of the PLP magazine *Spark* carried an article entitled, "The Revolt in Watts and the Coming Battle." Centered on one page is a map of Los Angeles showing factory concentrations. Text: "These factories are completely vulnerable and can be shut down with a minimum of preparation, personnel and effort. Once the weakest flank of the enemy is discovered, a million ways will be found to focus the full strength of resistance so that every blow drives straight to his heart."

All this evidence, and more, has been discounted by the *Times*, by Mr. Katzenbach and by others on the grounds that while extremists have "attempted" to incite and direct racial violence, they have been entirely unsuccessful. This encourages the conclusion that the violence results *wholly* from deep social and economic discontents of Negroes, which conclusion in turn encourages public support for social programs, goals, and aspirations of the *Times*, of Mr. Katzenbach, and of others.

Clearly it must be granted that the riots would not have taken place except for the discontent of many Negroes, but it is nevertheless also increasingly clear that "trained and disciplined" revolutionaries—Communists, Black Nationalists and others whose concern with the plight of the Negroes is minor and whose attitude toward them is little more than exploitive—have carefully and systematically heated this discontent to the boiling point and directed the resultant "spontaneous" storm.

Laugh Control

Nobody minds a little honest graft
But sanctimonious theft forbids a laugh.

Necrocare

Lyndon demands a full investigation
Of Death. He'll kill it with quick legislation.

Young Poet Lady

"I love *free verse*," she sighs and by her vote
Persuades us back to poetry and Pope.

Strictly Show Biz

The Government will unction the loud arts.
They function: for distraction and brain wash.

Hungry Poet Telegram

"Lyndon, I'd be delighted to recite
At your next barbecue and take a bite."

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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FROM THE ACADEMY

The Fierce Phonics War

RUSSELL KIRK

The way of the educational reformer is not smooth. From California, from Illinois, from Wyoming, and from several other states I receive detailed reports of unscrupulous and intemperate attacks upon such folk as believe that our public schools still can be, and ought to be, improved.

Strange to say, some school administrators and teachers reject any suggestion for the reform of instruction in reading, as if some sinister knot of political conspirators were bent upon undoing the American democracy. Or so the administrators in question profess to believe. Thinking always is painful; and it is easier for a school administrator whose chief interest is his own emoluments to cry aloud that the insidious John Birch Society is after his scalp. His school's reading program, he feels, is perfect: thus the motives of critics must be unutterably evil.

Kirk

A depressing affair of that sort occurred early this year in Sheridan, Wyoming. A group of Sheridan parents, with whom some experienced teachers were associated, had the temerity to suggest that it would be well if the Dick-and-Jane ("Look—Say") approach to basic reading should be diminished, and a reinvigorated form of instruction in phonics introduced. They felt that in their town, as in most American communities, far too many children never learn properly. Much mischief is thereby done to the children and to the commonwealth.

Enemy of the People

But what a storm burst over the startled heads of this Sheridan Reading Study Group! The school administrators, scenting heresy, thundered that the Sheridan reading program could not possibly be improved. Did not phonics—aye, intensive phonics—already enjoy primacy?

Members of the Study Group asked why, if a "phonics first" approach really was being employed in Sheridan, hadn't the pupils mastered the sounds of the alphabet in the first grade? This cogent question did not endear them to the champions of things educationally established in Sheridan. Anyone who raises such awkward questions, the school administrators and their allies implied, must be an Enemy of the People. They professed to discern the fine hand of the John Birch Society. Actually, few if any of the Reading Study Group ever had met a member of the Birch Society, let alone espoused Birch politics.

(The reading Study Group had incorporated into its reply to the school administrators, the following "instructions," taken from a second-grade workbook:

"Sometimes when you are reading you see a word that you have never seen before, but you can tell what sound it begins with.

"Then you must think of a word that begins with that sound and that will make good sense in what you are reading.

"If there are pictures with what you are reading, look at them, too. They may help you to know what the new word is.")

The Sheridan reformers presently obtained some support from Dr. Gordon Doering, a forthright member of the Wyoming State Board of Education, who pointed out that full discussion of improvement in reading ought to be encouraged, not anathematized. The charge that extremists were attacking the public schools, he continued, was a red herring meant to prevent any form of improvement. When challenged to identify such "extremists," Dr. Doering said, the complainants were unable to do so.

It should be clear enough that in the Sheridan controversy, the entrenched school administration represented the smugness of vested interest. The Sheridan Reading Study Group stood for experiment and progress.

Yet the school administration succeeded in defeating the reformers by denouncing them as political obscurantists and reactionaries. Whispering campaigns against the members of the Reading Study Group were commenced; their children were mocked in school; pressure was brought to bear upon the employers—including governmental agencies — of Reading Study people; eventually, some leaders of the group left the town or the state in disgust, and others were effectively suppressed.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong: dullness and smugness have a curious power of their own, especially in the American public-school establishment. Yet in the long run, the teaching of reading will be improved, even in Sheridan, Wyoming. Organizations like the Reading Reform Foundation and the Council for Basic Education will continue to supply interested local organizations and parents with information as to what may be done.

Vowels in First Grade

In the course of the Sheridan controversy, Mrs. Raymond Rubicam, vice-president of the Reading Reform Foundation, suggested how we can test whether a school really does have a tolerable program of learning to read through phonics. We must know, she commented, "(1) Are vowels taught at the beginning of Grade One? (2) Is the articulated blending of sounds taught at the beginning of Grade One? (3) Is there a daily phonics lesson, from a completely structured phonetic program (*not* Dick-and-Jane)?"

Such questions are being asked of school administrators with increasing frequency. And let me add one kindly word of advice for administrators of the Sheridan breed: the fact that a parent is literate doesn't necessarily prove that he's an operative of the Birch Society. Even some superintendents and principals are literate.

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Complacency in High Places

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Basil Liddell Hart has been called the greatest British military historian of our times by no less eminent a soldier than Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery; a description which, as has been said of Lord Montgomery's own memoirs, is something less than exhaustive. Liddell Hart is indeed an accomplished writer of military history, but he is also an original thinker on strategy and tactics, an innovator whose ideas profoundly affected the very course of history itself. Therein lies Liddell Hart's personal tragedy, for if ever there was a prophet whose teachings went unheeded in his own country in the hour of peril, but were heeded only too well by his country's enemies, Liddell Hart is that man.

He foresaw with penetrating clarity the battlefield results which the advancing technology of the twenty-year interlude between the two World Wars had brought within the reach of a truly mechanized army, and of these possibilities he wrote with tireless energy. German soldiers read what he wrote and applied it to the organization of their new army—they called the result *blitzkrieg* (lightning war). British soldiers read what he wrote and refused to believe it. The antidote to blitz was counterblitz; but, as Liddell Hart observes sadly in the closing lines of the volume here under review, "it was hard to get this understood by generals who were still thinking in terms of 1918. . . . For me, in that spring of 1940, there was a tragic irony in having to watch, as a mere onlooker, my ideas being applied to pierce the defense of France, my birthplace, and to put in extreme jeopardy my own country."

The irony was perhaps the more tragic, since chance had brought to Liddell Hart what might have been—had Fate been kinder—a golden opportunity to translate his thinking into effective British military policy. This volume treats of the period 1937-1940, and opens with the appointment of Leslie Hore-Belisha as War Minister (the British official term at that time was Secretary of State for War, and the Minister holding the appointment controlled the affairs of the Army as the Cabinet colleague of the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Air Minister). Hore-Belisha, whom Hart describes as having "certainly a live mind if still a virgin one in the military sphere," had been chosen by Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain for the express purpose of making "drastic changes" in the Army more rapidly than the generals and officials then at the head of affairs were inclined to do.

Liddell Hart had been writing books and articles on military subjects ever since the end of World War I, in which he had been an infantry officer; he had acquired a tremendous reputation in his field, at home and abroad, and in 1937 was the Military Correspondent of the London *Times*. Hore-Belisha sought his advice, and he was soon the Minister's most trusted adviser, on terms of increasing intimacy but without official status. The Minister, a man of boundless energy and free-wheeling imagination, began circulating Hart papers among the General Staff on such subjects as "The British Army: Its Scale, Form and Functions" and "The Age of Generals." The result was to generate top-brass resentment, which Hore-Belisha's breezy manners did little to allay.

Hart's thoughts at this period were centered on the increasing tension in Europe owing to the rise of Hitler to supreme power in Germany. Existing British military plans called for the dispatch of four infantry divisions and one armored division to support the French in case of war with Germany; what Hart wanted was to concentrate on armor and mobility for the field army—pointing out with some cogency that four British infantry divisions would add but a small percentage to the French strength in that arm, while even two British armored divisions would provide the Allies with a total of five such units—a 66-2/3 per cent increase. At a time when the Germans already had four armored divisions and were creating more this made sense, but the conservative generals of the Army Council would have none of it. They were simply against change, or afraid of change, and officers with armor experience and enthusiasm were excluded from all higher commands lest they contribute to bringing change about.

Hore-Belisha did succeed in replacing the top-level generals of the Army Council with younger men of his own (Hart-advised) selection, but the new brooms failed to sweep clean. The idea became fixed in the mind of many senior officers that "Hore-Belisha is in Liddell Hart's pocket." The old ties of the service proved stronger than the appeal of new ideas. The net result, as war approached, was to damage Hore-Belisha's political position, and he began backing away from Liddell Hart. "I am coming to feel," noted the latter in his diary, "that from a long-term point of view the most damaging step I've ever taken was to go in with him. Previous to that I was in an unassailable

The Liddell Hart Memoirs: Vol. II—The Later Years, by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Putnam, $7.50

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position, standing apart yet on good terms with most of the rising generation of soldiers." To Hore-Belisha he wrote, "Our machine, once racing against time, is slowing down," adding that he proposed "to get out and walk on my feet."

It is necessary to add that the need for radical revision of military policy was obstructed not only by the older generals, but by the immovable conviction of large segments of British official and public opinion that a durable peace could be worked out with Hitler's Germany. As our author remarks: "The abundance of wishful illusions prevailing can rarely have been matched in history."

To this, your reviewer, who was several times in Britain during the period 1928-1940, can bear testimony —the more forcefully, since in those days he lacked the experience to avoid entertaining at least a few of these same illusions himself, of which perhaps the most fatal was that the Germans could not possibly, in the few years since Hitler's accession to power, have rebuilt the German Army to the level of war-readiness necessary to defeat the French Army.

Liddell Hart's account of those tragic years, straightforwardly written with a minimum of self-justification, is a powerful reminder of the dangers of complacency whether for soldiers or politicians. It should not, however, be supposed by American readers in the 1960s that the British conditions of the 1930s are being duplicated in American military thought today. If complacency as to military policy exists to a degree today in the United States, it does not reside in heads adorned with brass hats.

A Torch in the Labyrinth

HUGH KENNER

WE INVENT THE PAST, from what is at hand, and have invented Greece after Greece. Each time it grows strange, as did Swinburne's within living memory, we restructure it. The Greece currently in favor is by Heisenberg out of Camus: *vide infra.*

We have been less prodigal with Romes, because for many centuries no one in Europe felt remote enough from a Roman world to see it as strange. The language, paid out like a spaceman's umbilical cord, kept connections intact as late as Dr. Johnson's time. Latin was food for schoolboys; it transmitted, it *was* the past on which their minds fed. The great benefit of rendering the acquisition of Latin unspeakably arduous was that the grown boy could be trusted to read it no more as soon as he had gotten clear of the schoolmaster. Thus his notion of what Latin literature contained was bounded by the curriculum excerpts—Caesar, Cicero, Horace, Vergil—and for centuries a synthetic but very stable Rome served as model for ideals of duty, public service, civic responsibility.

But no more; the tradition of teaching the language is almost gone; and we have entered the time of Invented Romes. It is a less catastrophic time than deplorers like to suppose, since the people who do read Latin are likely to read very widely, unencumbered by any distinction between curricular classics, good for forming the minds of boys, and all those words the Romans had better (the anxious pedagogue used to think) have left unwritten.

The standard authors, moreover, are no longer translated with an eye to convincing a phantasmal Dr. Busby that the ablative absolute has indeed been correctly construed. Thus we have Dr. Copley's *Catullus 105:*

> *Dickie-boy Trill*
> *climbed Helicon hill*
> *to fetch a pail of poesy*
> *the muses saw*
> *and (being quick on the draw)*
> *they knocked him arsover noesy*

—of which an approved version would run, "Mentula [proper name coined from colloq. epithet, usu. thought to denote Caesar's chief engineer Mamurra: cf. xxix.13] tried [lit. tries] to climb the Piplean Mount [lit. Pipleus mountain, in the Pierian district, hence sacred to the Muses]; the Muses with little forks [*furcillis*: cf. Aristophanes, *Pax* 637, and the familiar conception of the devil's pitchfork] precipitately thrust him out": amid which neurotic nonsense the would-be poet vanishes as absolutely as though Catullus [Gaius Valerius Catullus, c.84-c.54 B.C.] had never conceived him.

Roman Culture: Weapons and the Man, edited with introductions by Garry Wills. Braziller. $6.95

Seizing these twin opportunities—a bad tradition lapsed, and an abundance of readable translations—Garry Wills has assembled for us a Rome *de nos jours* ("an airless world —*à huis clos:* a modern world") whose Seneca's "dark comedies" are "closer to Genêt and Beckett than to Sophocles," and whose portrait busts, "faces impervious to what lies just before them, masks that proclaim an exceeding inner busyness," anticipate "the features of Dostoevsky, Joyce, Thomas Mann, Eugene O'Neill, Robert Oppenheimer." If this isn't the Rome *Life* was confecting last spring, with its vastness and its monuments and picturesque emperors, the reason is that by Professor Wills' reading of the evidence the visual grandeurs were not central concerns of the Roman mind but compensations for its inability to do what it would have liked. "They could not deal easily with the cosmos, like Plato; so they settled for policing the Mediterranean. The famous boast of Vergil [*excudent alii spirantia mollius aera . . .*] has an odd air of regret about it, a resigned triumphalism."

It is a persuasive reading, reinforced by 33 haunting illustrations: a statue of Augustus with flaccidly gesturing arm, captioned ". . . political choreography . . .", or two views of the Colosseum, without and within, linked to a simile in the Introduction: "Like it, Roman culture had a large external simplicity, a labyrinthine internal life, and subterranean passages prowled by animals."

Most of the book—some 300 pages of it—takes us by torchlight through that labyrinth: not surveying "major figures" but lighting up, glimpse after glimpse, a succession of Roman themes, in poems, epigrams, excerpts from letters, scraps of orations, handbooks, plays, Christian tracts.
Item:

> I see Dolabella has been left a ninth of Livia's estate on condition he changes his name. Good essay-question in social ethics: "Should a young noble change his name in order to benefit under a lady's will?" We shall be able to answer it with more scientific accuracy when we know how much a ninth amounts to.

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Item:

Bits of me, many bits, will dodge all funeral,
O Libitina-Persephone and, after that,
Sprout new praise. As long as
Pontifex and the quiet girl pace the Capitol
I shall be spoken where the wild flood Aufidus
Lashes, and Daunus ruled the parched farmland. . . .

Item:

Nothing could save me—not our love, our marriage,
ancestral glory, our children who mourn today:
they could not keep Cornelia from her dying.
What am I now but dust that a hand could hold?
Black doom and shallow pools of stagnant water
and the streams I walk through, silent and icy-cold.

Item:

In the very act of generation, the male [serpent] thrusteth his head into the mouth of the female; which she (for the pleasure and delectation that she taketh) gnaweth and biteth off.

Item:

Dim shapes, they travel'd the dark way
through waste night, Death's ringing palaces,
an emptiness inhabited—
travel'd as men go through woods
foiled of light by an elusive moon
while Jove darkens heaven, and heaven's dark
erases many-colored earth.

Respectively, L. P. Wilkinson, Ezra Pound, Constance Carrier, Philemon Holland, Garry Wills, lending tongue to five Romans who no longer have their classroom sound: Cicero, Horace, Propertius, the elder Pliny, Vergil: "a troubled people who can profitably trouble us."

At present we hear little of them, much of the Greeks, notably of the *Iliad*, which is achieving a cult status among the more serious campus *literati*. It is arguable that the cult of the *Illiad* is of a piece with a sheer evasiveness at the nerve of our century. In the nineteenth century, as Professor Wills points out, "classical" for the first time came to denote Hellenic, not Latin; Homer, not Dante's Vergil; romanticism had reached back toward the primitive, and subsequently Victorian progress and optimism managed an elaborate condescension toward Rome's "agglutinative, encrusted" sensibility. Today a time that has seen through

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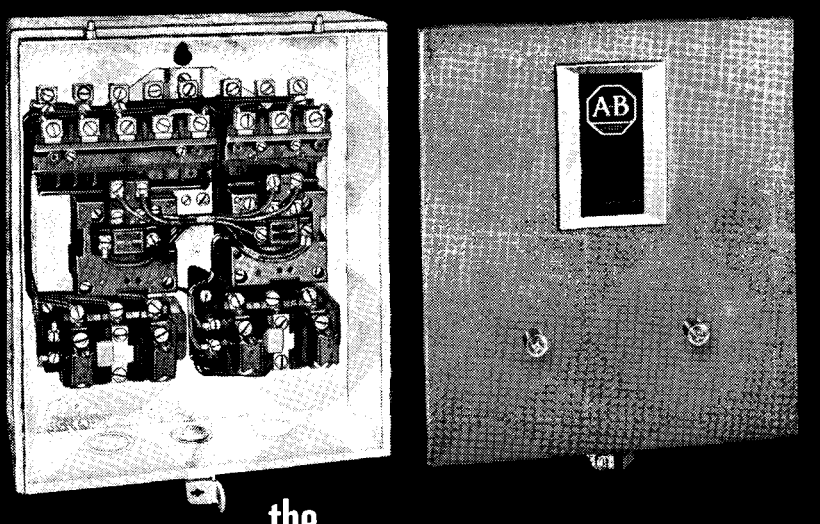

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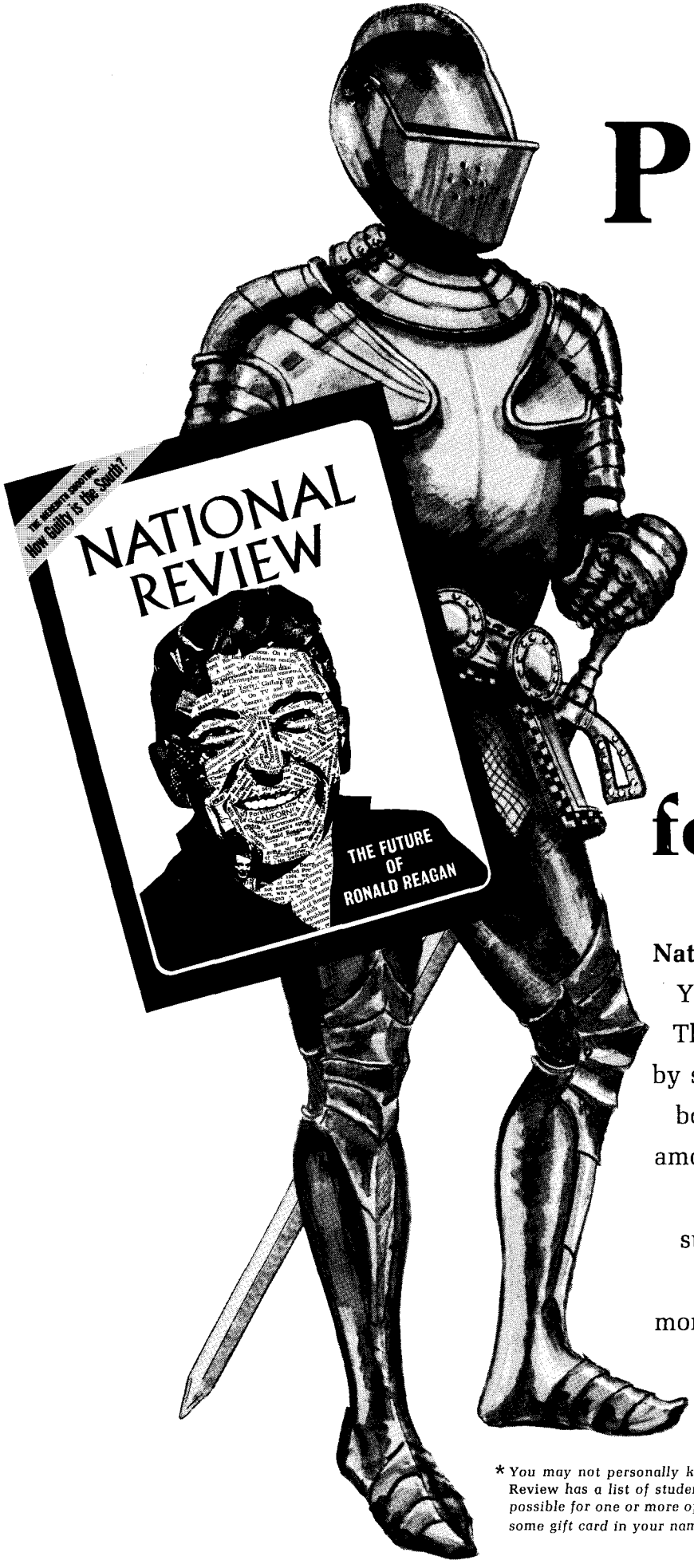

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progress and optimism gropes toward the past again, and Rome eludes its hands.

Making contact with its romantic heritage, it encounters in the conclusion of the *Iliad* "Nietzche's 'metaphysical solace' ": D.S. Carne-Ross thus invokes Nietzsche's name in the course of explaining (*Arion,* Spring 1965) why T. S. Eliot's invocation of Vergil will not do for "our own sense of reality." It is against the *Iliad* that we are to lean, for that poem "has shown that man can live with 'the certainty of a crushing fate, without the resignation that ought to accompany it.' . . . It has shown, what Camus' *homme absurde* was looking for, that it is possible to live 'without appeal.' "

If the Roman was unwilling to live "without appeal," and if he had not the unencumbered intellect for "a linear undeviating epic, arrowy lyrics, a philosophy that asks and answers to the point": if he had not, in short, the advantage of being Greek, he was able to muster nevertheless a suspicion that the Greek directness had something illusory about it. Greece never had, we may say, a civilization; never had the responsibility of sustaining, in anxiety and compromise, the lives of others distant in space and time. It is a service to make a start at showing us—for Professor Wills' anthology is after all no more than a start—that the Rome that bore that burden and was gnawed by metaphysical untidiness already inhabited (as Swift and Johnson understood) the world we know.

Fiction

Dashiell Hammett's Microcosmos

DONALD PHELPS

TOWARD THE BEGINNING of "The Gutting of Couffignal," which opens Random House's new Dashiell Hammett collection, *The Big Knockover,* Hammett's unnamed San Francisco detective wiles away sentry duty by reading (an occupation equal, to his and his creator's credit, to crime-busting and storytelling). "The book was called *The Lord of the Sea,* and had to do with a strong, tough and violent fellow named Hogarth . . . There were plots and counterplots, kidnapings, murders . . . It sounds dizzy here, but in the book it was as real as a dime."

The Big Knockover, a Dashiell Hammett Anthology. Random House, $5.95

The Lord of the Sea was written by the great British literary eccentric, M. P. Shiel, in the nineteenth century, and was an apposite choice of reading matter: not only because it, like "The Gutting of Couffignal," concerns uprooted adventurers and their intrigues, but also because Shiel's inventions were no more extravagant and crass, no more romantic and pragmatic-minded, than the Continental Op, Nick Charles, Ned Beaumont and Sam Spade. Above all, the Continental Op, hero of the new anthology—so seemingly unlike Shiel's daredevils—is, like them, the center of his universe, its fulcrum and its magnetic pole.

He is the perfect creature of his profession—an employee of a private investigating service, rather than a lone wolf like Charles or Spade or Raymond Chandler's Marlowe. The Op—which stands not only for Operative, but for Optic—is the Eye of the hurricane, the calm at the inmost core of turbulence. Dashiell Hammett's subsequent creations, even the crypto-criminous Spade, are romantic heroes, and authentic achievements in themselves; but they are also the personages of single works: *The Maltese Falcon, The Glass Key.* (Sam Spade did figure in a number of short stories, but as little more than a svelte version of the Op.) The Op is the Eye which surveys Dashiell Hammett's microcosmos; and he is, in a basic sense, its author: he is an extension of Dashiell Hammett (who worked for the Pinkerton Agency); and his pragmatic calm, shrewdness

Strange Fruit

THERE WAS ONCE a lady novelist who made it big. She was a Southerner, so that when she wrote about how bad Marse' Jim treated everybody up dere at de Big House, people believed her. She was a Georgia gal, so she must know what's going on. . .

Maybe she did and maybe she didn't, but the point was, her books sold. Back in the Forties when her name started crawling up the best-seller list in the *New York Times,* folks bought her books like crazy. She knew about lynching, and she knew about hating, and she knew a powerful lot of four-letter words, too, which didn't exactly hurt sales.

Well, along came Martin Luther King, and CORE, and things like that, and just as sure as bears can't keep their paws out of the honey jar, this gal got hooked on Civil Rights. She wrote about it, and she talked about it, and she helped raise a pile of money for it. When Barry Goldwater ran for President and he said something about how there shouldn't be violence in the streets, she really let him have it. Yes sir, she said some pretty mean things about Barry.

Then a funny thing happened. Things began to *get* violent in the streets. James Farmer, he quit CORE, and somebody else took over. Folks in Civil Rights started talking funny, too. This ole gal got to feeling nervous, but she hung in there until one day in Mississippi somebody said something about "black power." Well sir, that was it. She turned in her pin and said she wasn't going to get mixed up with no cotton-pickin' racist organizations, and what did we fight Hitler for, anyway?

MORAL: *Hell, I could have told her what would happen, and I'm from northern New Jersey.*

—W. H. VON DREELE

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and monolithic fortitude enable us to see, in relief, the crass, murderous, tumbled universe which Hammett has rendered.

Hammett, I am more convinced than ever, reading and re-reading the stories in this collection, made an original contribution to American writing—if we understand "original" correctly, *not* as "for the first time," but as a distinctive fusion of conventions, which, in turn, begets new works from subsequent artists. Hammett fused the tempo, violence and fantasy of pulp mystery writing with his own character, which (as I have tried to suggest, and as Lillian Hellman somewhat more than suggests in her preface to the present volume) had about it much of the nineteenth century—graceful, autocratic, humanely rational. It is a grave mistake to stereotype Hammett's writing, as has been done *ad nauseam,* as monosyllabic staccato. It is volatile, often richly sensuous (see the responses to nature recorded in the autobiographical fragment, "Tulip"), often of a sardonic humor integral with the Op's viewpoint and world (unlike the inlaid wisecracks of Hammett's imitators). Too often we confuse "precision" with "reticence" (and in many cases can ill afford not to), but Hammett's precision impounds a full-scale world. It is not merely a transcription or refraction of the actual Twenties-Thirties America, but an imaginative rendering of it. The significant departure in Hammett was not merely from the intellectual detection of Sherlock Holmes (as he suggests in his introduction to *The Maltese Falcon*), but from the concept articulated by Auden in *The Dyer's Hand* of the detective as prophet, the man who restores order to the world. Hammett felt impelled to acknowledge a world from which the principle of order had vanished. He charted his course accordingly, with his own instinct for order (as epitomized in his passion for music and mathematics) dictating a new form for the detective novel. His detective is a man whose reasonableness is that of his vocation, rather than of his intellect alone; who may not re-order the world, but who tries rather to maintain in that world his own track of integrity, professional fidelity, and (understated yet never neglected) his own sort of gallantry.

The form which Hammett perfected, a refinement of the pulp-magazine models, is a series (within a single novella or novel) of linked episodes, like the overlapping rectangles of a Mondrian painting. In resolving each successive episode, the detective detonates a more resounding violence, the violence increasing apace with his "progress," so that the final deduction is, fairly often, a mockery of itself. The "restoration of order" has become an ambulance-driver's search for signs of life on a battlefield. The perfection of the form comes in the novels, *Red Harvest,* (with the Op, again) and *The Big Knockover,* the title story of the present volume.

If there is perhaps something insular, over-defensive, even over-parochial in Hammett's sort of artistry, nevertheless, in every artist, major or minor, "limitations" articulate achievements. How much can we dwell on them?

Random Notes

● Books: The *New Yorker*'s Whitney Balliett has a collection of 49 pieces on jazz and jazzmen coming from Bobbs-Merrill this month, *Such Sweet Thunder* ($5.95). . . . In *The Winter Beach,* Charlton Ogburn Jr., strolls along the seashore from Maine to Newport, after the summer people have packed and gone home (Morrow, October, $6.95). . . . Robert Lewis Taylor, author of *The Travels of Jamie McPheeters* and other delights, tells all about Carry Nation in a new biography, *Vessel of Wrath* (New American Library, November, $6.95). . . . Simon & Schuster sum up *Wiped Out,* a story of stock market dabbling by an anonymous investor, as "the pornography of money" (October, $3.50).

Howard and Lillian Garis wrote not only the Uncle Wiggily books, but also, pseudonymously, the Tom Swift, Bobbsey Twins, Motor Boys and many more series. Son Roger remembers in *My Father Was Uncle Wiggily* (McGraw-Hill, October, $4.95). . . . Another delightful-sounding couple, pioneer archeologist Heinrich Schliemann and the wife who knew the value of sharing her husband's interests, are studied in *One Passion, Two Loves* by Lynn and Gray Poole (Crowell, October, $6.95). . . . There must of course be a procession of books for admen to liken to *In Cold Blood;* first looks to be Emlyn Williams' *Beyond Belief,* about the murders-on-the-moor of a 10-year-old girl and 17-year-old boy. Random House will publish it here, early next year. . . . Knut Hamsun's *Hunger* will be published in a new translation by poet Robert Bly, by Farrar next spring. *Mysteries* will come along later; any more? . . . Denise McCluggage, the *La Pasionaria* of the racing circuit and columnist in *Car and Driver* and *Town and Country,* has a Useful Handbook that should make good reading for anyone: *Are You a 'Woman Driver'?* (Grosset & Dunlap, $1).

● Paperbacks: Recent and forthcoming reprints include Andrey Biely's *St. Petersburg* (Evergreen, August, $1.95); T. H. White's *The Once and Future King* (Berkeley, September, 95¢); Cleanth Brooks' Baedeker of a dream-world, *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* (Yale, September, $2.95) and Henry Green's *Back* (Universal Library, September, $2.25). Last makes just two of Green's novels available in paper (*Loving* has been on Anchor's list for years). Puzzling.

● Movies: *Africa Addio,* from the gents who gave the world *Mondo Cane,* shows in this country come fall; is being censored first for the tender-tummied. . . . Next year's big Western will be Universal's *The War Wagons,* saga of the hijacking of an armored stagecoach starring Kirk Douglas and John Wayne and directed by Burt Kennedy. Shooting starts this month. . . . Robert Graves' *I, Claudius* goes widescreen spectacular through courtesy J. Lee Thompson and London Films. . . . Next victim (soon as *Taming of the Shrew* is finished) of the lizandrichard production team is *Dr. Faustus,* by whatsisname.

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Movies

Staying Up Late, Talking Dirty, and All That

ARLENE CROCE

If the Sitwells belong to the history of publicity, the Burtons, Richard and Elizabeth, belong to the history of obscenity. It has fallen to them—a plum ripe with what is referred to in the script of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* as "H.I.—HI!—historical inevitability"—to preside over the liquidation of the Production Code. They went through a lot to make the movie ("I really had a dread that something would happen between me and Elizabeth because of the nature of this play," Richard Burton tells *McCall's*), but they will be vindicated the day they get their Oscars for having had the courage to be. It's hard to suffer for obscenity's sake, to risk one's livelihood, go to jail, be vilified, cast out, spat upon as in the old days. Ralph Ginzburg's fate is a mere slip, as time must prove, of the judicial pen. The *Zeitgeist* is not mocked.

Obscenity has lost the virulence it once possessed as a modern-day quasi-religion with its own prophets, saints and martyrs flourishing in plain wrappers (catacombs). Maurice Girodias, who kept the flame for years, is out of a job. Although Allen Ginsberg undoubtedly imagines that he is doing holy work as a neo-Dostoevskyan fool in its name, obscenity is mostly the cause and trade of mundane evangelists and hack litigants who pursue a kind of therapeutic mission. They are not content to license the obscene for use by an unkempt minority but wish to propagate it as a natural good among the kempt. They have succeeded to a great extent. The movie of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is a case in point, a small case. The people who made it have awarded themselves a smashing victory over mass media censorship. There are several reasons why the victory is hollow.

1) You do not effect mass reforms in movies, or through them, because the movies are no longer the Number One mass art; television is. Movies are to TV today what the Broadway stage was to the movies a decade ago. *Virginia Woolf* fascinates the same people who "objected to" the language they heard at the Wednesday or Saturday matinee but complained that the movie version cleaned things up. Such audiences stultify serious theater with shocked reactions at the same time as they invigorate the speculative market in hits. Dirty words, whether composed by Eugene O'Neill or Abe Burrows, are Broadway's staff of life, and Jack Warner's obsequious word-for-word film production is testimony to Hollywood's enduring sense of inferiority where Broadway art is concerned.

2) Movie audiences have seen, and on occasion heard, worse than anything in *Virginia Woolf*. *a*) The film is an almost literal enactment of the stage play, so the excitement is verbal rather than visual. Burton's reference to his wife's "melons bobbling" is more "shocking" than Taylor's illustrative action during a frenetic frug. There is no bedroom sex to compare with what is now routine in domestic feature films, not to mention such foreign offerings as *The Silence, Dear John* and *Le Bonheur*.

b) Albee's dialogue, while scabrous as advertised ("goddamn," "son of a bitch," "monkey nipples," "up yours,"

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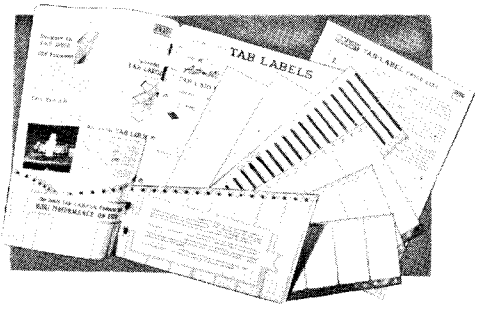

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"screw"), does not contain that many firsts. *Harper,* to name one current Hollywood film, used "bastard," "bitch in heat," "screw" (in the sense of "ruin"), and the special, locker-room meaning of "pussy." This word, which has been exchanged like a private smirk between Broadway and Hollywood for at least two years of uncensored bliss (vide *The Owl and the Pussycat, What's New Pussycat?,* "Pussy Galore" in *Goldfinger*), doesn't occur at all in Ernest Lehman's meticulous transcription of Albee's play. The novelty is really a matter of repetition. Against invective which often has a sniper's precision, Albee unloads profanity like so much shrapnel, an effect that, predictably, set the matinee crowd by its ears. Following suit, the movie version doesn't just use the harsh diction, it exploits it with full civil-liberties, censors-we-defy-you treatment, in close-up. Miss Taylor's way of saying "God Damn" as if she's never said it before is a special effect. (" 'You know,' she said, 'I don't use four-letter words any more. Richard has broken me of the habit.' Richard said, 'That's right, I've cured Elizabeth of that unfortunate tendency.' 'You bet your a--,' said Elizabeth. Richard turned to me: 'That's a three-letter word.' " *McCall's,* which doesn't print the word *ass,* warmly recommends *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*)

STILL, A MOVIE IS A MOVIE. Millions are paying Broadway prices (scaled up in some areas to $2.75 and $3.00) to see Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton stay up all night, smashed and talking dirty. To a spectacle already obscene, the camera adds something of the *voyeur* as we peep through the blinds at the doings next door. That all this is spoken of as tragic art, purgative art, vital and important drama, is one more indication of the power of the Broadway aura to solemnize our instinctive hypocrisy. I doubt that the presence of the Burtons changes much beyond a certain restrictive localism. To the unsophisticated who saw it on the New York stage, the play seemed to be proving something about the unhealthy married lives of intellectuals. Casting the Burtons, about whom we know vastly more and hence vastly less, after Uta Hagen and Arthur Hill is a step up the ladder of alienation not inappropriate to the play's narrow and solipsistic bias. As public

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curiosities the Burtons stand in about the same relationship to the professional acting community as do the George and Martha of Albee's imagination to his fictional New England college community. And George and Martha are more than the town drunks and campus cut-ups, they are mythomaniacal sadists.

It's been noted by pathologists of the theater that their style in guerrilla warfare is not typical of heterosexual combat. They are even more exotic in tranquillity when at the final curtain they contemplate the void of a future together with no secret life left to hide from the bad old world. I found the Burtons a relief from the nagging pressure of verisimilitude and their performances almost exhilarating in a way that corresponded to the inherent tourist trappiness of Albee's conception, to its cynicism and astute comedy, most of all to its gaudy, whining, pretend-pathos (typified in the title), which seems to me on a par with "The Whiffenpoof Song."

I hope in fact that the ultimate significance of the film may not be that of a civil liberties milestone but just a passing vehicle for the Burtons during an unfortunate period when they supposed they were real people. Here they are—she in late youth, immaturely aged to the all-over physical consistency of bread-pudding, vamping and schlepping, a Gainsborough repainted by Ivan Albright; he in early middle age, the face pocked and round like the moon, the voice as ever a fastidious cornet; both of them actually, rather than just cosmetically, fat . . . and you can't imagine either in a supermarket line. The Burtons aren't real, they are rococo spirits out of eighteenth-century boudoir drama. I have long wished that Peter Brook, the organizing genius of *Marat/Sade*, would direct them in an adaptation of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. It is to this freakishly sensual world that they belong, not to Edward Albee's Theater of Truth.

Mike Nichols, the organizing genius of Nichols/May and a master of contemporary cadence, is better at shaping Miss Taylor's stridency, which suggests Vegas and Malibu, than at guiding the still very British Mr. Burton to the core of Albee's American he-bitch. Burton does some fine things in a very thin-spirited, melancholic, bitter-almond style (what a

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Lovelace he would make!) but in such a way as to stress Albee's cousinship (apparent from earlier plays) to the new British school of Harold Pinter and N. F. Simpson. As the two straight-men, Sandy Dennis struck me as awful, George Segal rather better. At the showing I attended, the biggest laugh went to a fifth actor, a man with one line whom the movie-makers introduce in the dead screaming middle of the film, when the action, which includes drunkenness, wild dancing, seduction and attempted murder, is transferred to a tavern. The line: "Okay, what's going on here?"

When they finished the film, the Burtons went to Oxford, where they gave Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, and then to Italy, where they filmed *The Taming of the Shrew*. I see that the time machine is still two centuries off.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

I COULDN'T SMOKE THE GRASS ON MY FATHER'S LAWN, by Michael Chaplin (Putnam, $4.95). Just in case anyone's interested, the lad with the decade's most thoroughly exploited father problem has Sold Out. He's shorn his shoulder-length locks and taken a nine-to-five; presumably, he and that bleary blonde are ensconced in a suburban semi-detached wherein they spoon o'nights on a hire-purchase couch before a merrily hissing gas grate. Shillings for the gas, alas, come from royalties from these wretchedly written, at least semi-ghosted memoirs. The book is a paltry pudding of beatnikisms, sentence fragments, syntactical enormities and pompous pronouncements on Life, Art, Truth, Reality, Pot, and other fundamental stuff. The philosophy, if such it can be called, is Orthodox Young Rebel; the over-all tone suggests a lobotomized Bennington girl Telling All to *True Confessions*. Typical Sentence: "Christ is okay. He had some great insights." Another: "The inheritors of the language of Shakespeare sure have mangled up their pronunciation." You'll be able to buy this gem at Marboro's for 59 cents next year. Don't.

C. H. SIMONDS

TRUJILLO: *The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator*, by Robert D.

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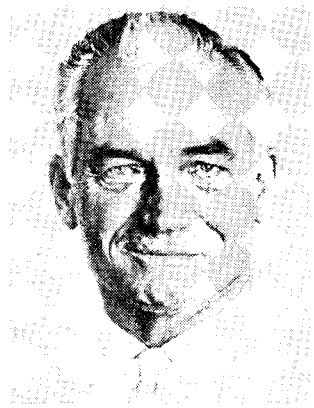
Crassweller (Macmillan, $8.95). To write the decent biography of a Latin strongman, an author should have a dogged persistence in sifting fact from fiction, a strong sense of humor, and a special feeling for the Latin *ambiente*. Robert Crassweller has all of these, and the result is a very superior biography. Trujillo, as Mr. Crassweller makes clear, was dominated by a single ruling passion: the will to power. To a degree greater than any other Latin dictator, he kept this object firmly in sight, and expanded its implications far beyond the mere military and political dimensions to include economic and social power as well. All of Trujillo's acknowledged talents for hard work, effective administration, and forceful leadership were directed towards this end. A considerable part of this book is devoted to an examination of the "honeycomb of power" which *El Jefe* gradually built up in his thirty-one-year rule. The honeycomb included a monolithic personal political party, absolute domination over subordinates (even when they happened to be President of the country), and numerous interlocking financial and commercial enterprises which gave him and his family control over the Dominican economy. The corruption which accompanied this exercise of power is seen as practically inevitable. But the real crimes of corruption lay not in the graft and extortion (which are normal parts of the political process, anyway) but in the measures Trujillo and his subordinates took to maintain him in power. Crassweller makes a dispassionate and convincing case in showing how Trujillo naturally turned to murder and assassination in the effort to maintain himself in power. The admirers of a recently-deposed Brazilian governor used to remark, "Yes, he steals; but he builds." It is a pity that Rafael Trujillo had to be cut of tougher stuff than the ex-governor. J. B. BENDER

INCIDENT AT EXETER, by John G. Fuller (Putnam, $5.95). The intelligent study of UFOs (the sober acronym for Unidentified Flying Objects) is no easy task. On the one hand is the "ain't no such animal" school which automatically discounts all sightings, and prefers ostrichism or



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Climaxing the one-day Rally will be a dinner at 7 p.m. featuring an address by former Senator Barry Goldwater, honorary chairman of The Free Society. Tickets for this dinner are $20 per person or two for $35, and may be purchased at Free Society offices at the Hotel Americana, or by sending check or money order to Free Society Association headquarters, 1250 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C. 20006.

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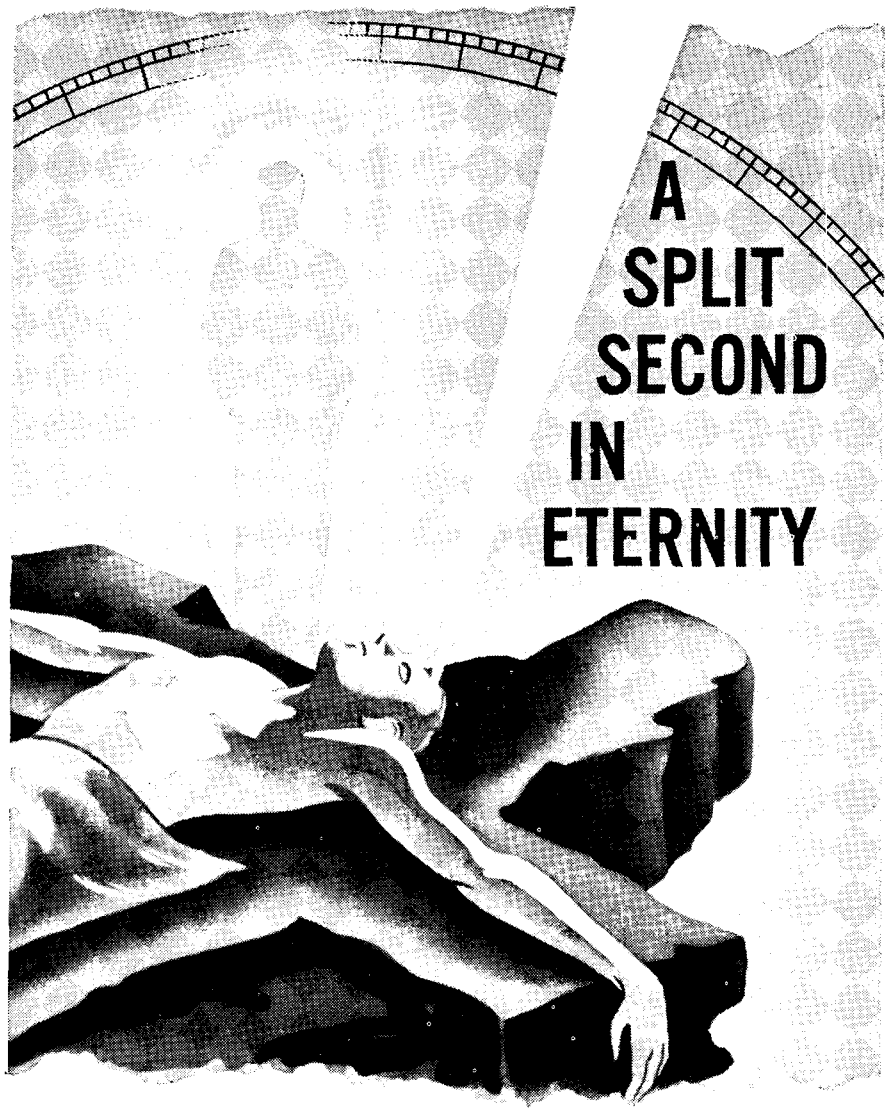

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ridicule to objective investigation. On the other hand are the kooks, whose "evidence" is awash with little green men or jaunts to Venus. Their fantasies have hurt more than they've helped. (If this sounds as if it has a parallel in politics, well, so be it. . .) *Incident at Exeter* is, happily, at neither of these extremes. It is a sensible, rational account of UFO sightings, especially the eponymic one in Exeter, New Hampshire—written by the "Trade Winds" columnist of the *Saturday Review.* Fuller's interest was piqued by a sighting reported by two Exeter policemen and a Navy recruit last September. He went Down East to investigate it for his column. The project mushroomed; before it was over he had taped interviews with over sixty people who had seen UFOs and these transcriptions comprise the bulk of the text. The vast majority of these accounts have the timbre of authenticity. Fuller writes that he "started on this story as a friendly skeptic. I ended the research with a conviction that this is no longer a laughing matter." Even though he saw a UFO during his research, Fuller never loses his objectivity. He is a reporter; not a debunker or a prophet. Nevertheless, he takes serious issue with the official Air Force policy on UFOs and also raises some interesting points concerning the Great Blackout, such as the very high incidence of sightings near high-power lines. This is a fascinating book, well worth reading. Even if you are a complete skeptic, as Fuller was, you owe it to yourself to examine the evidence.

J. D. KIRWAN

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (September 6)
CHICAGO TRIBUNE
MR. DALEY'S GOOD SENSE:
Mayor Daley says he sees nothing wrong about taking a loyalty oath as a public official. "I've never hesitated to sign it and I've never seen anything objectionable to it," the mayor said. "What's objectionable to saying you are loyal to your government?" (from an editorial)

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A seaport in Scotland	24 107 63 157 138 30 125 58
B. Depressed by solitude (adv.)	29 85 134 96 23 130 16 102 49 116
C. English essayist (1672-1719)	34 42 64 5 48 66 31
D. At the present time	86 136 99 112 52 145 162 97
E. What the horse on the merry-go-round has, according to song	84 153 6 32 132 118 149 165 159 35 174 108
F. A child deprived of either or both parents	119 161 73 25 109 170
G. A branch of law	124 142 160 14 33
H. One of the things a Boy Scout is	135 152 143 15 79 67 177
I. Play by Ellen Wood (1861)	139 167 59 98 44 144 120 175 7
J. Unscramble ODD END	146 68 128 166 17 169
K. Thoroughfare that extends from Broadway to the East River	1 45 55 87 140 154 8 26 100 137

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Place where there are a lot of good actors—and bad actors	4 71 104 115 88 131 164 171 147
M. An Indian from Lake Superior region	40 51 36 43 121 27 76
N. Thoroughfare in Chicago	46 151 60 156 2 3 172 57 9 150 18
O. The alcazar of the Moorish kings at Granada	56 91 19 74 65 50 101 103
P. Line with which Paavo Nurmi was associated	61 80 37 75 113 148 173
Q. The rabble	69 82 39 92 176 106 110 163
R. Contiguous	90 28 95 62 133 123 155 168 38
S. Something that is taxed more than our patience	93 117 54 77 72 11
T. Stunted	114 105 127 12 78 20 129
U. A type of heron	126 158 21 53 47
V. An action to recover the value of goods wrongfully converted	141 111 122 10 22 41
W. Hazardous	70 89 83 94 81 13

1 K	2 N		3 N	4 L	5 C	6 E	7 I	8 K		9 N	10 V	11 S	12 T	13 W		14 G	15 H	
16 B	17 J		18 N	19 O	20 T	21 U	22 V	23 B		24 A		25 F	26 K	27 M	28 R	29 B	30 A	
31 C	32 E		33 G	34 C	35 E	36 M	37 P	38 R		39 Q	40 M	41 V	42 C		43 M	44 I	45 K	
46 N	47 U	48 C		49 B	50 O	51 M		52 D	53 U	54 S	55 K	56 O	57 N	58 A	59 I		60 N	
	61 P	62 R	63 A	64 C		65 O	66 C	67 H	68 J	69 Q		70 W	71 L	72 S	73 F	74 O	75 P	
76 M		77 S	78 T	79 H	80 P	81 W	82 Q	83 W	84 E		85 B	86 D	87 K	88 L		89 W	90 R	
91 O	92 Q		93 S	94 W		95 R	96 B	97 D	98 I		99 D	100K	101O	102B		103O	104L	
105T	106Q	107A	108E		109F	110Q	111V	112D	113P	114T		115L	116B	117S	118E	119F	120I	
	121M	122V	123R	124G		125A	126U	127T	128J		129T	130B	131L	132E		133R	134B	
135H	136D		137K	138A	139I		140K	141V	142G	143H	144I		145D	146J	147L		148P	
149E	150N		151N	152H	153E	154K		155R	156N	157A		158U	159E	160G	161F	162D		
163Q	164L	165E	166J		167I	168R	169J		170F	171L	172N		173P	174E	175I	176Q	177H	

See page 948 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 926)

I turned to another charmer, Dr. Eugene Cronin, the Senior Biologist of the University of Maryland's Natural Resources Institute. Chesapeake Bay, he told me, is hardly polluted, thanks to government vigilance. The taking of fish and shellfish from the waters is governed by strict laws. And the Marine Biology Department wrote the better part of the law for the new clam industry, slapping a ten-cent tax on every bushel of clams for research purposes.

The results of such wisdom show. The waters of the Bay sparkle, the little towns on the quiet shores still lead their half-water, half-land existence, and boats are still a means of transportation and sport as they were a hundred years ago.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 912)

is as convincing as citing Justice Douglas on the sanctity of holy wedlock.

PHILIP M. CRANE
Assistant Professor of History
Peoria, Ill. Bradley University

DeKoster on DeKoster: A Reply

Oh, come, come, Professor! The kind of logic by which soft heads serve hard hearts goes well enough in *American Opinion*, but not here! Even if you could successfully smear Arlene Croce's description of me, that would imply nothing about my analysis of Mr. Welch's Blue Book.

Though, happily, Miss Croce's characterization is sound enough, however reluctant I am to deny being "known" in Michigan not only, but in "orthodox Presbyterian and Reformed circles" too, as anything at all. Thanks, of course for the try at making me notorious! There is, moreover, no "Dutch" Reformed magazine; though my grandparents did immigrate from Holland. The *Reformed Journal* regularly espouses that Calvinism which the Professor is, understandably, unable to discriminate from whatever is "democratic Socialism" —a difficulty he no doubt experiences with the papal social encyclicals since Leo XIII. But the *Journal* is not *mine*. I share in its editorship with five other staunch Calvinists, all of us willingly bound by the *Heidelberg Catechism, Canons of Dordt*, and *Belgic Confession*, as condition both of our church affiliation and of our professional employment. I am an elder in the Christian Reformed Church, but have never been a member of ADA, nor advocated same. Walter Reuther I have yet to meet; but I do confess to activity in the Democratic Party as a fault I seem to share with a majority of my fellow citizens.

That "certain clergy and campus leftists" who presumably herald me as leader may meet every seventh year in a telephone booth even surprises me; tell us, Professor, who are they?

But do by all means read my *Communism and Christian Faith*—it earns me royalties, and has the endorsement of such a "leftist" as Congressman Ford; while conservative *Christianity Today* distributed thousands of copies as a subscription bonus. My *Vocabulary of Communism* is currently commended by *Life Line*, Professor, as good reading for "freedom-fighters"—as I guess you mean to be.

I'd fain go on, but like the Cretan who said that all Cretans are liars, one may not be his own best advocate. Why don't you, Reader, unlike Professor Crane, direct your attention upon my booklet—it pays royalties, too—in comparison with the Blue Book, and thus confirm for yourself the accuracy of Arlene Croce's kindly comment upon it?

LESTER DEKOSTER
Director, Calvin College and Seminary Library
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Kookery

As a worried California YR member, I should be much obliged if Mr. William A. Rusher would explain what kind of "kookery" my peers were (are?) engaged in. ["The Plot to Steal the GOP," July 12]. And would you mind being specific?

Whittier, Calif. M. LOVAS

Reader Lovas might start with California's motion to amend the 1965 platform of the Young Republican National Federation to call for conversion of the UN building into a memorial to the late Senator McCarthy. Such antics neither hurt the UN nor help Senator McCarthy; they merely damage the YRs. —WAR

Wordsmanship

I'd hate to be titled Citizen Fixit; but isn't it kinder to share great knowledge (!), than not to, with a philologist who has suffered a lapsus of his lingua?

I love the way you all play with words. You ought to be a puzzle mag. In *NR* for July 12 you almost hooked me two out of three times with your tricks. I had pen in hand before I noticed that the preposition in *a toute allure* made it *not* the expression I had expected (p. 658).

Then, p. 668: *glutaei maximi* made me scratch out the *a* and start to throw it at you; then it occurred to me the *ae* might be a ligature; then I couldn't find a basis for a ligature in either the Latin or the Greek; then I thought maybe you were slyly hinting (with orthographic license) that all conservatives were feminine; then I *decided* you *had* made a slip! So what? I dread the penalty wehn Ich bin im Irrthume and you print the challenge! (sic)

P. 669: *Trooped out* startled me until I figured *NR* just wouldn't speak of "leading conservative Republicans" as vaudeville *troupers*. Congratulations! And pardon my aspersive thoughts.

But ah! p. 683, col. 1: "0.05 per cent of chromium atoms" *is* an error for 0.25 per cent. Cf. p. 682, col. 1: "five chromium atoms for each 2,000 of aluminum." I can't let math go by without inspection:

5/2,000::1/400, or ::25/10,000::25/100÷100::.25%.

Hooray! I did it! *Nicht wahr?*

Walpole, N.H. JOHN DAVENPORT CREHORE

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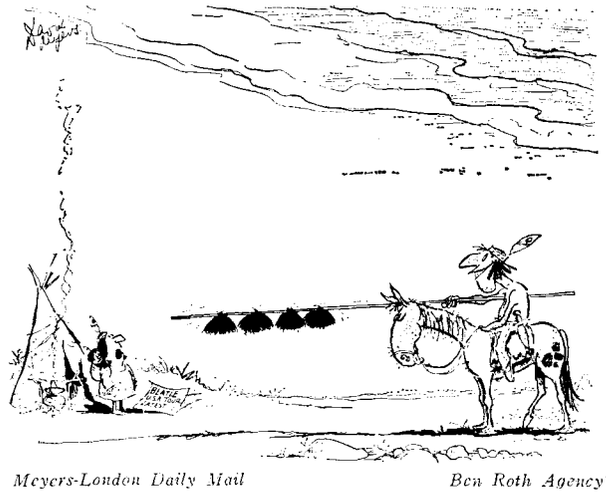
For The Record

The ACA will get you if you don't watch out. Appalled, positively appalled, certified Liberals Kennedy (R. and T.) Kuchel, Javits and Case—to find their ACA rating soaring. The change (first six months of 1966 as against 1965 record) shows: RK, up from zero to 33 per cent; TK, zero to 21; Kuchel, 27 to 73 (shame!) Case, 11 to 46; Javits, 11 to 33. Only four legislators emerged unsullied, with zero conservative record intact: Sen. Maurine Neuberger (retiring), Ore.; Dem. Reps. Wm. Dawson, Frank Annunzia, Ill., Mrs. Lerna Thomas, Tex. . . . Also mightily embarrassed, Gov. Pat (ronaldreaganisanextremistfascistracistultrarightistbircher) Brown at discovery that J. Edward Martin & Family & Co., have donated $12,000 to Democratic National Committee. Martin is a prominent California Republican and a John Birch Society chapter leader. . . . Despite recent gentle slump in polls. Reagan backers still confident he will beat Brown in November, hope he'll roll up large enough majority to help other conservatives, among them Assembly candidate Bill Best, to office. Best played important part in victorious Goldwater Calif. primary in 1964.

Should and does know better: Texas Democratic senatorial candidate Waggoner Carr. Carr, a conservative, waging nip and tuck battle against Sen. John Tower, has been trying to bat down Tower's consistently high ACA rating by charging that ACA is so extreme it "considers the John Birch Society too far to the left." . . . Texas Democrats worried that a number of Mexican-American political clubs—once solidly Democratic—are campaigning for Tower this time round.

Leftward Ho! again this year for National Student Association which 1) voted for end to U.S. bombing of North Vietnam and 2) adopted a resolution (210-112) urging young Americans "to use legal resistance" against being drafted since no government has the moral right to order men to kill in battle. Nearly 300 college and universities still belong to NSA. . . . Young Negroes in Waukegan lined up last week to give blood for six Puerto Ricans burned in fire-bombings a week earlier



Meyers-London Daily Mail *Ben Roth Agency*

"Honey, I only asked for a lock of their hair."

during Negro rioting. . . . To surprise of absolutely no one, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin has endorsed Bertrand Russell proposal to try Lyndon Johnson for crimes against humanity. . . . Latest pavlovian twitch of Russell's is charge that CIA is trying to "destroy" the government of Ayub Khan because Pakistan is taking an "independent" political line.

Margaret Sangerian Notes: India has decided to take firm measure to control overpopulation: It is instituting a birth control program for its 150 million sacred cows. . . . Red China practices simpler method with its citizens. It issues marriage licenses only to 30-year-old men, 25-year-old women and then, as added deterrent, sends the husband to work in the south and the wife in the north, or vice versa.

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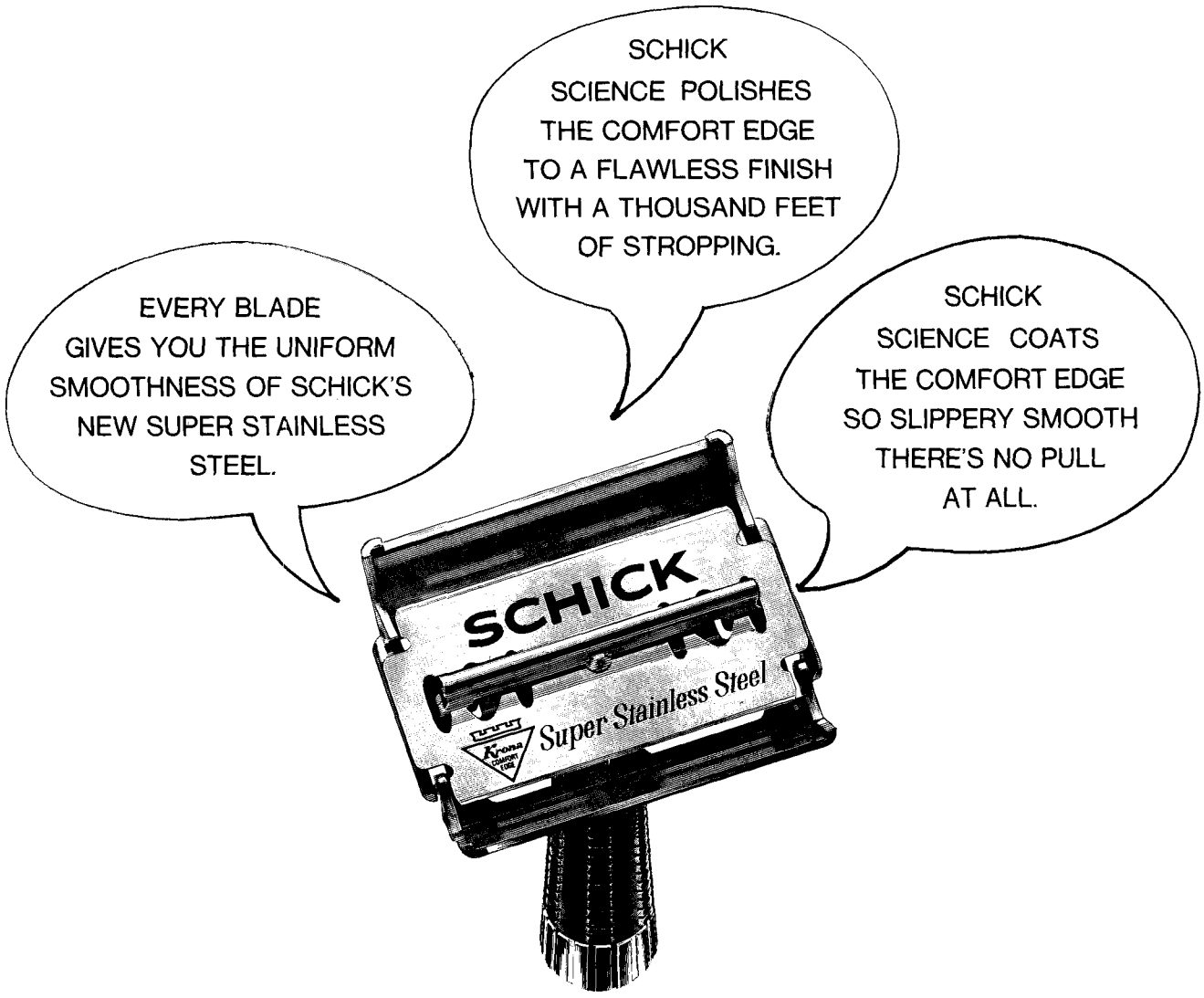

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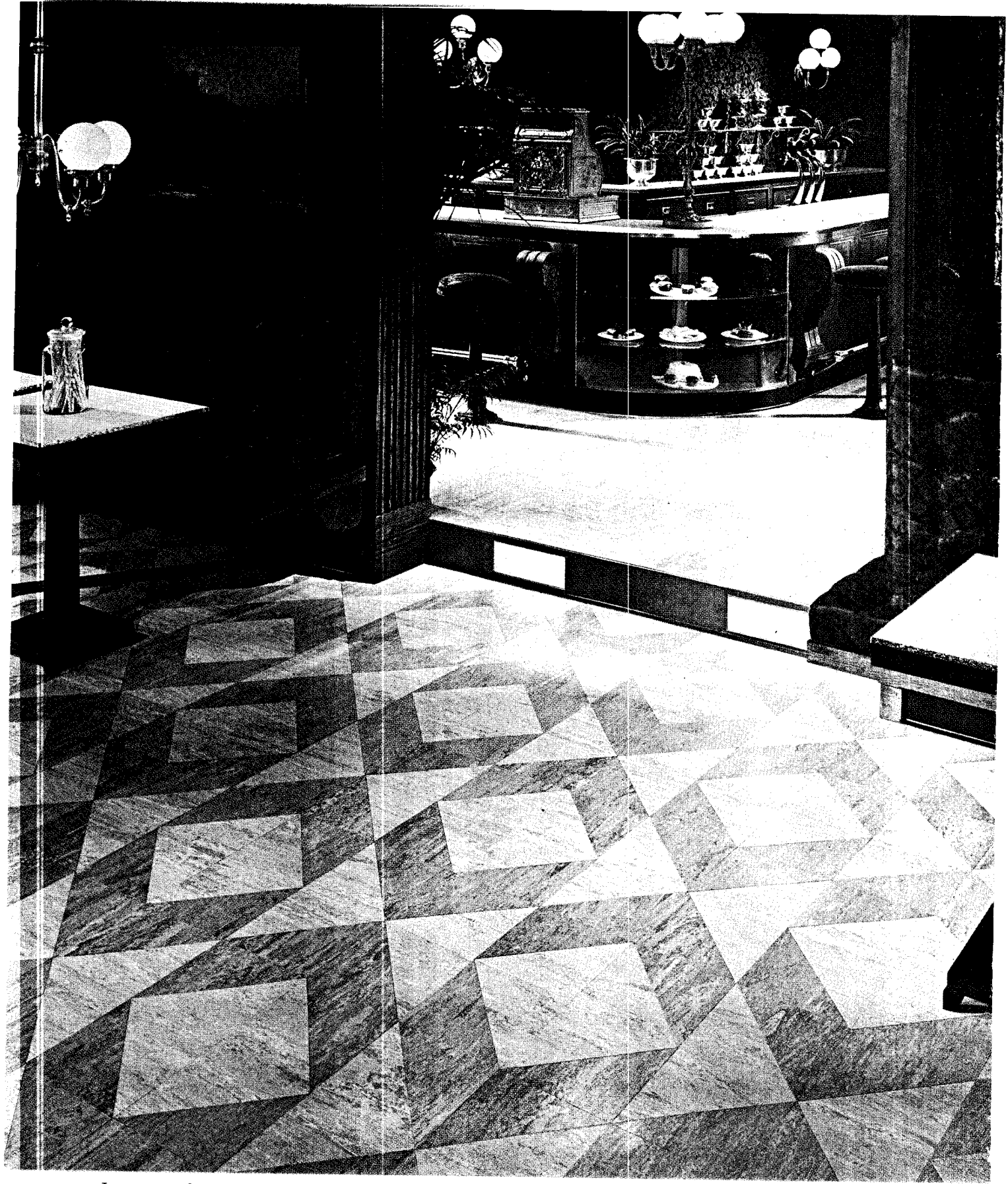

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